

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 667.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1829.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of My Time. By the Author of "Blue-Stocking Hall." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

A VERY great improvement on their predecessor—written with much spirit and truth of observation, and one of those works which force us to believe their author must be a shrewd and clever person. The first tale is by far the best: the story itself has much interesting matter, and the characters have all that true and tangible likeness which belongs to portraits. The second story has also considerable talent and a great deal of sense: but it is too long, too undramatic; and attention slumbers into almost forgetfulness. The first is, therefore, decidedly our favourite. The sketch of Miss Ferret, that *utile et dulce* of a country place, its news-carrier and match-maker, is in our author's best manner.

"The reader may perhaps imagine that Miss Ferret was not of such a grade in society as to admit of her insinuating herself amongst the guests in a baronet's house; and that her ambition, confined to a humbler walk, would scarcely aspire so high as to rule the destinies of two such people as Miss Robinson and Mr. Hartland: but the fact was otherwise. A downright country neighbourhood, far removed from metropolitan fastidiousness, admits of occasional mixtures unknown to high life in town; and when we consider that the Ferret family, of which *Jemima* was the last remnant, had lived with credit and voted steadily for Sir Roger during a course of years,—as also that Miss Ferret's central position close to the market-place afforded her opportunity of forestalling the scanty and uncertain supplies of fish, sweetbreads, and other delicacies which are the pivots on which turns the fame of a dinner entertainment in a remote situation,—it cannot surely surprise any reasonable person that Miss Ferret should often be invited to mount her pony, and with her dinner dressed in a handkerchief, and suspended from the pummel, solicited to partake of the good cheer which her late and early vigilance had provided. She was, besides, a woman of address. If she passed a carriage on the road, she drew her veil over her face, and never rode up to the front door. She had likewise a permanent deposit of flowers, feathers, and furbelows, which were left in a bandbox at Colbrook, under the guardianship of Lady Goodman's maid, with whom she was a prime favourite,—as, however multifarious the concerns on her hands, she never forgot to slip a volume of the last novel into her bundle for Mrs. Hopkins. If a servant was to be hired, Miss Ferret inquired the character; if a bargain was to be had, Miss Ferret heard of, and recommended it to her friends; and when all her various *utilities* were performed, the *dulee* was not neglected. Enriched with a countless fund of *on dits*, and freighted with charades, epigrams, epithalamiums, and pasquinades, this active member of society defied all the

powers of dulness to produce stagnation of tongues whenever she was one of the company. Well, in brisk spirits and iron-sided health, after executing a list of commissions half a yard in length for Lady Goodman, off cantered Miss Ferret, in joyous anticipation of a pleasant week at Colbrook. Her reception was gladdening. 'My dear creature, welcome,' said Lady Goodman, 'you are actually my right hand; I do not know what in the world I should do without you. Did you remember the wax candles, and the snuff for Sir Roger, and the cards, and my watch which I sent to have a new crystal,—and did you pay Farquar's bill?' 'I have done, ordered, and paid every thing,' 'Welcome, my dear, a thousand times!' replied Lady Goodman; 'come and tell me all the news.' 'Ah! Ferret,' exclaimed Sir Roger, who entered at this moment, 'I rejoice to see you. Sad weather this; I have been as dead as ditch-water, I can tell you, and am glad that you are come to keep me awake. The glass too is rising; you bring good luck with you; but here is Mr. Hartland riding up the avenue—I must go and meet him.' 'Oh! I'm glad that you have asked Mr. Hartland; that's a nice man; I've seen a great deal of him lately,' said Miss Ferret, as she turned to Lady Goodman; 'but haven't you got Miss Robinson with you? I long to see her: how does she look? when did she come? does she stay long?' 'She arrived on Wednesday, stays a month, and I never saw her looking better,' answered Lady Goodman. 'A nice thing,' said Miss Ferret, 'if we could make up a match between Mr. Hartland and Miss Robinson—wouldn't it, Lady G.?' 'So it would,' replied her ladyship; 'but though your fame stands high, I think you'll hardly have ingenuity to bring that matter to bear. They say that he's not at all a marrying man; and if he's one of the bashful fraternity, there will not be time to get over the horrors of presentation to a stranger, before Harriet will leave us to go to her sister in Scotland.' 'We must only not lose time,' said Miss Ferret, 'but make hay while the sun shines.'"

We must give the commencement of her operations:—

"When the glad announcement was sounded that dinner was served, Miss Ferret, who had laid her plan of operations, commenced them by keeping up such a cross-fire of talk while the company were in the act of descending the stairs, that by the time they reached the dining-parlour, she new-marshalled the guests without being perceived by any one, and contrived to slide herself into a chair between Miss Robinson and Mr. Hartland. The more obvious arrangement which, by placing the gentleman in the centre, would have given both ladies an equal claim on his attention, might not have been so judicious; but by Miss Ferret's disposition of affairs, she constituted herself the 'soft intermediate' through whom any intercourse held by the extremes must pass; and she was thus enabled to regu-

late and guide it as was most conducive to her ultimate ends. Before the dessert came upon the table, she had ventured to insinuate that there was a wonderful sympathy in the tastes of her *protégés*; and as she conveyed their sentiments from one to the other upon the comparative merits of roast and boiled, fricasee and fry, hot and cold, town and country, with sundry other interesting opposites which she herself suggested, there certainly did appear to be a harmony of opinion which bid fair for domestic union in that state of life which, we are taught to believe, traces much of the unhappiness by which it is, alas! so frequently embittered, to a fatal talent for disputation upon such like topics of daily recurrence. The perpetual succession of single drops will wear out a rock; and therefore Miss Ferret seemed to be guided by sound discretion in her admiration of minor harmonies, life being, as she always observed, 'made up of little things.' From generals it was natural to descend to particulars, and Henbury itself was on the *tapis* ere the ladies withdrew. Miss Ferret asked Miss Robinson if she, who was so partial to the pursuit of rural objects, and knew 'every thing about plants, from the oak to the daisy,' had ever seen a cork-tree? On being answered in the negative, Miss Ferret exclaimed, 'Oh, I am so glad that we have anything to shew you! By the by, madcap that I am, I am reckoning without my host, and must have Mr. Hartland's leave to perform my promise, as it is at Henbury that the curiosity which I have mentioned is to be found. They say that it was brought over a sapling from Cintra, near Lisbon, fully a hundred years ago, by an officer who gave it to my poor grandfather, who then rented the lands which now belong to Mr. Hartland.' Mr. Hartland blushed; and his skin being thin and fair, the suffusion was manifest to a degree which augured well for setting fire to the train which was laid in Miss Ferret's mind, as he replied,—'I have horses which cannot be employed in a better service, and at any time I shall be happy to engage their best offices in procuring such an honour as you kindly design for their master.' 'Upon my word, Mr. Hartland, you are very polite, and much more than I deserve after such a liberty as I have taken; but I mean to profit by it, I assure you. Miss Robinson ought not to suffer for my inadvertence in forgetting that with my poor grandfather all my interest in Henbury passed away. We will accept your friendly invitation, though not your horses; for I am sure, that unless the rheumatism pinched severely, Sir Roger could not refuse his favourite Miss Robinson any thing. You know, my dear, that Sir Roger admires you more than any one; and I often tell Lady Goodman that she is the best-tempered, amiable creature in the world not to be jealous; but she dotes upon you quite as much. So you see that I have no chance of breaking the peace at Colbrook, which is mortifying, as it is proverbially, you know, an old maid's province and privilege to make mischief wher-

ever she goes.' What with blushing, bantering, laughing, and complimenting, a very fair measure of execution was done before the party re-assembled above stairs, and Miss Ferret, who, like all wise people, was a keen observer of portents, remarked that Mr. Hartland was the first gentleman to leave the dining-room."

We need scarcely say, that the issue is such as to add reason to the rhyme—

"Loving goes by haps:
Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with traps."

The history of the family thus founded is told with much skill, and displays talent that may well distinguish it from its many competitors.

An Encyclopædia of Plants; comprising the Description, Specific Character, Culture, History, Application in the Arts, and every other desirable particular respecting all the Plants indigenous, cultivated in, or introduced to, Britain: combining all the advantages of a Linnean and Jussieuian Species Plantarum, an Historia Plantarum, a Grammar of Botany, and a Dictionary of Botany and Vegetable Culture. The whole in English; with the Synonyms of the commoner Plants in the different European and other Languages; the Scientific Names accentuated, their Etymologies explained, the Classes, Orders, and Botanical Terms, illustrated by Engravings; and with Figures of nearly Ten Thousand Species, exemplifying several Individuals belonging to every Genus included in the Work. Edited by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S., &c. The Specific Characters, &c. by John Lindley, F.R.S., &c. The Drawings by J. D. C. Sowerby, F.L.S. 8vo. pp. 1159. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

THE long title-page of this work expresses so fully and clearly what it is intended to be, that the duty of a reviewer is limited to that of examining how far the intention is fulfilled. We have delayed doing this hitherto, not only because we wished to ascertain the opinion of a botanical friend, but because we also wished to examine the work at leisure ourselves. We now give the result of our own examination and of our scientific inquiry. Our general impression of the work is, that, taking it altogether, it is the most extraordinary that has yet appeared on any branch of science. Extraordinary for the immense mass of information condensed in so small a space; extraordinary for the number and beauty of the engravings and for the extent of letter-press; and extraordinary for the moderate price at which it is sold. We have the essence of what in the last edition of Miller's Dictionary occupies four folio volumes; in Sowerby's Botany, plates to the value of 50*l.*; and in the Botanical Magazine and Botanical Register, plates which sell for upwards of 200*l.*; besides a quantity of original matter to which we shall presently refer, and upwards of 200 engravings of plants which have never before been figured in this or in any other publication. These engravings are made from dried specimens in the herbariums of Mr. Lambert and of Mr. Lindley, and from living plants in the collection of Messrs. Lodiges; and are not only an important addition to botanical literature, but of themselves render the work a desideratum to the scientific botanical collector.

The utility of a work of this kind is not in general to be estimated by its originality; but it is a prominent and valuable feature in this, that it contains the first and only introduction to the natural or Jussieuian system of botany

which has yet appeared in the English language. It is composed by Mr. Lindley, and is a perfect model for order, perspicuity, and comprehensiveness. The French, though they are the fathers, and the greatest cultivators of the natural system, have nothing to equal it; and we were really astonished in reading this part of the work, at the interest created by bringing together in groups all the plants similar in appearance, and of similar natures. This is, in fact, what every man in looking at plants or any thing else does in his own mind, as far as he can; so that the natural system is nothing more than a return to nature, with an increased power of detecting differences and resemblances. This manner of studying botany, which is now taught both in the Cambridge and London Universities, by Professor Henslow and Professor Lindley, will, we have little doubt, soon be generally adopted; and to Mr. Lindley will be due the honour of having resolutely persisted, contrary to the opinion of nine-tenths of the botanical world, in making an innovation which will rank botany so much higher in the scale of science.

A second original feature in Mr. Loudon's work is the introduction of forty pictorial signs as a substitute for the ten arbitrary signs formerly in use in abridged botanical description. That our readers may understand the value of this improvement, we may state, that hitherto, in botanical catalogues, all plants of the ligneous or tree kind, whether shrubs, evergreens, timber-trees, &c. were designated by the same mark, understood among botanists and gardeners, but totally unintelligible to general readers. In this Encyclopædia all the different kinds of ligneous plants are designated by small pictures; for instance, the picture of an evergreen round-headed tree, of a deciduous round-headed tree, of an evergreen spire-topped tree like the spruce fir, of a deciduous spire-topped tree like the larch, of an evergreen shrub like the arbutus, of a deciduous shrub like the dog-wood, of a twining evergreen shrub, of a deciduous evergreen shrub, &c. &c. In this way an immense deal of verbal description is saved, while the reader's mind is not in the slightest degree burdened by the labour of recollecting the meaning of arbitrary signs. This improvement, we are informed in the preface, is the invention of the editor, and was first exhibited by him in the Encyclopædia of Gardening, (that other immense and curious volume which he published in 1824.) Were it not for the great expense of casting a set of types for these signs,* the improvement we are sure would be adopted in all botanical works; and we hope, for the sake of botanical readers, that this difficulty may soon be generally overcome.

Another feature worthy of remark, as being of great utility is, that the names of the commoner plants of Europe are given in the different languages of Europe. This is done in a table at the end, arranged in such a form that any person travelling in any part of the continent, and wishing to know the English or scientific name of a plant, has only to ascertain its local name and refer to the table; or knowing its local name, by referring to the table he will find its English and scientific name. In this table are also included the names of different countries in South America, and of India, Japan, and China. To Englishmen resident abroad it must be of incalculable value; and the more

* We have examined them at Messrs. Spottiswoode's, whose presses in this respect are quite a sight in typography.—*Ed.*

so as these names have been obtained from Nemnich's Universal Lexicon—a work published at five guineas a copy, and now out of print.

As a proof of the editor's talent for arrangement and condensation, we may refer to the Introduction to the Linnean System, which, by means of twenty-seven engravings, is got into two closely printed pages! It is, nevertheless, so complete, that, as far as this mode of arrangement is concerned, it leaves nothing to be wished for.

The Glossary is another model of completeness and comprehensiveness. We have taken the trouble of ascertaining that it contains above 100 terms more than are to be found described in Milne's Botanical Dictionary, and they are illustrated by 282 figures. The last feature of the work which we shall notice is the extraordinary accuracy of the spelling of the names and of their accentuation. We will venture to assert, that there is no work extant equal to it in this respect; and for the truth of our position, we would desire any botanist to refer to the last German editions of the works of Linnaeus, to Decandolle's volumes, or to Stendel's nomenclature. On the whole, Loudon's Encyclopædia of Plants is a most invaluable addition to our literature: it will be more useful to beginners, and more instructive to general readers, than any botanical work in any language; and it will be as indispensable in a well-selected general library as an English or Latin dictionary.

Insect Architecture. The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. III. Part I. London, 1829. C. Knight.

WE do not wonder that the interesting subjects of natural history should speedily attract the care of the editors of the periodical series which now occupy so marked a rank in our current literature. We have, within a few Numbers, had to review White of Selborne in Constable's Miscellany, and a work similar to the present in Murray's Family Library, besides several volumes in which the same topics were largely introduced, though they did not compose the entire substance of the publications; and now we have before us the First Part of Mr. Knight's very delightful exposition of the habits of insects as displayed in the construction of their dwellings, and other remarkable instincts for the safe deposit of their eggs, the provision for their young, and, in general, the preservation and continuance of their species.

"When an insect first issues from the egg it is called by naturalists *larva*, and, popularly, a caterpillar, a grub, or a maggot. The distinction, in popular language, seems to be, that *caterpillars* are produced from the eggs of moths or butterflies; *grubs*, from the eggs of beetles, bees, wasps, &c.; and *maggots* (which are without feet) from blow-flies, house-flies, cheese-flies, &c., though this is not very rigidly adhered to in common parlance. Maggots are also sometimes called *worms*, as in the instance of the meal-worm; but the common earth-worm is not a larva, nor is it by modern naturalists ranked among insects. Larvæ are remarkably small at first, but grow rapidly. The full-grown caterpillar of the goat-moth (*Cossus ligniperda*) is thus seventy-two thousand times heavier than when it issues from the egg; and the maggot of the blow-fly is, in twenty-four hours, one hundred and fifty-five times heavier than at its birth. Some larvæ have feet, others are without: none have wings. They cannot propagate. They feed voraciously on coarse

substances; and as they increase in size, which they do very rapidly, they cast their skins three or four times. In defending themselves from injury, and in preparing for their change by the construction of secure abodes, they manifest great ingenuity and mechanical skill."

"When larvae are full grown, they cast their skins for the last time, undergo a complete change of form, and, with a few exceptions, cease to eat, and remain nearly motionless. When an insect, after this change, does not lose its legs, or continues to eat and move, it is popularly called a *nymph*; and when the inner skin of the larva is converted into a membranous or leathery covering, which wraps the insect closely up like a mummy, it is termed *pupa*, from its resemblance to an infant in swaddling bands. From the pupa of many of the butterflies appearing gilt as if with gold, the Greeks called them *chrysalides*, and the Romans *aurelia*; and hence naturalists frequently call a pupa *chrysalis*, even when it is not gilt. We shall see, as we proceed, the curious contrivances resorted to for protecting insects in this helpless state. After a certain time, the insect which has remained in its pupa-case, like a mass of jelly without shape, is gradually preparing for its final change, when it takes the form of a perfect insect. This state was called by Linnaeus *imago*, because the insect, having thrown off its mask, becomes a perfect *image* of its species. Of some, this last portion of their existence is very short; others live through a year, and some exist for longer periods. They feed lightly, and never increase in size. The chief object of all is to perpetuate their species, after which the greater number quickly die. It is in this state that they exercise those remarkable instincts for the preservation of their race, which are exhibited in their preparations for the shelter of their eggs, and the nourishment of their larva."

Our editor follows various insects through all these contrivances and mutations; and their mere names will help to indicate the curious nature of his investigations: for we have mason-wasps, mason-bees, mining-bees, carpenters, upholsterers, carders, social wasps, tree-hoppers, saw-flies, embroiderers, leaf-rollers, tent-makers, moss-builders, earth-masons, and many an other kind, whose extraordinary habits procure for them such appropriate appellations. And it is deserving of notice, that this is not, as is too usual, the transcript of statements from preceding and popular writers on entomology. On the contrary, Mr. J. Rennie is quoted as an authority for some very original inquiries; and he seems to us to have thrown considerable light on a number of interesting particulars connected with the study of natural history. But we need not again go over the ground we have of late traversed so frequently; and simply repeating that this little volume is well worthy of high esteem among its compeers, we shall give two or three extracts to illustrate its style and manner. Speaking of the upholsterer-bees, Mr. Rennie observes:—

"The material used for tapestry by the insect upholsterer is supplied by the petals of the scarlet field-poppy, from which she successively cuts off small pieces of an oval shape, seizes them between her legs, and conveys them to the nest. She begins her work at the bottom, which she overlays with three or four leaves in thickness, and the sides have never less than two. When she finds that the piece she has brought is too large to fit the place intended, she cuts off what is superfluous, and carries

away the shreds. By cutting the fresh petal of a poppy with a pair of scissors, we may perceive the difficulty of keeping the piece free from wrinkles and shrivelling; but the bee knows how to spread the pieces which she uses as smooth as glass. When she has in this manner hung the little chamber all round with this splendid scarlet tapestry, of which she is not sparing, but extends it even beyond the entrance, she then fills it with the pollen of flowers mixed with honey, to the height of about half an inch. In this magazine of provisions for her future progeny she lays an egg, and over it folds down the tapestry of poppy petals from above. The upper part is then filled in with earth; but Latreille says, he has observed more than one cell constructed in a single excavation. This may account for Réaumur's describing them as sometimes seven inches deep; a circumstance which Latreille, however, thinks very surprising. It will, perhaps, be impossible ever to ascertain beyond a doubt, whether the tapestry-bee is led to select the brilliant petals of the poppy from their colour, or from any other quality they may possess—of softness or of warmth, for instance. Réaumur thinks that the largeness, united with the flexibility of the poppy-leaves, determines her choice. Yet it is not improbable that her eye may be gratified by the appearance of her nest;—that she may possess a feeling of the beautiful in colour, and may look with complacency upon the delicate hangings of the apartment which she destines for her offspring. Why should not an insect be supposed to have a glimmering of the value of ornament? How can we pronounce, from our limited notion of the mode in which the inferior animals think and act, that their gratifications are wholly bounded by the positive utility of the objects which surround them? Why does a dog howl at the sound of a bugle, but because it offends his organs of hearing?—and why, therefore, may not a bee feel gladness in the brilliant hues of her scarlet drapery, because they are grateful to her organs of sight? All these little creatures work, probably, with more neatness and finish than is absolutely essential for comfort; and this circumstance alone would imply that they have something of taste to exhibit, which produces to them a pleasurable emotion. The tapestry-bee is, however, content with ornamenting the interior only of the nest which she forms for her progeny. She does not misplace her embellishments with the error of some human artists. She desires security as well as elegance; and, therefore, she leaves no external traces of her operations. Her's is not a mansion rich with columns and friezes without, but cold and unfurnished within, like the desolate palaces of Venice. She covers her tapestry quite round with the common earth; and leaves her eggs enclosed in their poppy-case with a certainty that the outward shew of her labours will attract no plunderer."

"The monkish legends tell us that St. Francis Xavier, walking one day in a garden, and seeing an insect, of the *mantis* genus, moving along in its solemn way, holding up its two fore legs as in the act of devotion, desired it to sing the praises of God. The legend adds that the saint immediately heard the insect carol a fine canticle with a loud emphasis. We want no miraculous voice to record the wonders of the Almighty hand, when we regard the insect world. The little rose-leaf cutter, pursuing her work with the nicest mathematical art—using no artificial instruments to form her ovals and her circles—knowing that the elastic

property of the leaves will retain them in their position—making her nest of equal strength throughout, by the most rational adjustment of each distinct part—demands from us something more than mere wonder; for such an exercise of instinctive ingenuity at once directs our admiration to the great Contriver, who has so admirably proportioned her knowledge to her necessities."

Of the carders, we are told:—"The carder-bees select for their nest a shallow excavation about half a foot in diameter; but when they cannot find one to suit their purpose, they undertake the Herculean task of digging one themselves. They cover this hollow with a dome of moss—sometimes, as we have ascertained, of withered grass. They make use, indeed, of whatever materials may be within their reach; for they do not attempt to bring any thing from a distance, not even when they are deprived of the greater portion by an experimental naturalist. Their only method of transporting materials to the building is by pushing them along the ground—the bee, for that purpose, working backwards, with its head turned from the nest. If there is only one bee engaged in this labour, as usually happens in the early spring, when a nest is founded by a solitary female who has outlived the winter, she transports her little bundles of moss or grass by successive backward pushes, till she gets them home. In the latter part of the season, when the hive is populous and can afford more hands, there is an ingenious division of this labour. A file of bees, to the number sometimes of half a dozen, is established, from the nest to the moss or grass which they intend to use, the heads of all the file of bees being turned from the nest and towards the material. The last bee of the file lays hold of some of the moss with her mandibles, disentangles it from the rest, and having *carded* it with her fore-legs into a sort of felt or small bundle, she pushes it under her body to the next bee, who passes it in the same manner to the next, and so on till it is brought to the border of the nest—in the same way as we sometimes see sugar-loaves conveyed from a cart to a warehouse, by a file of porters throwing them from one to another. The elevation of the dome, which is all built from the interior, is from four to six inches above the level of the field. Beside the moss or grass, they frequently employ coarse wax to form the ceiling of the vault, for the purpose of keeping out rain, and preventing high winds from destroying it. Before this finishing is given to the nest, we have remarked, that on a fine sunshiny day the upper portion of the dome was opened to the extent of more than an inch, in order, we suppose, to forward the hatching of the eggs in the interior; but on the approach of night this was carefully covered in again. It was remarkable that the opening which we have just mentioned was never used by the bees for either their entrance or their exit from the nest, though they were all at work there, and, of course, would have found it the readiest and easiest passage. But they invariably made their exit and their entrance through the covert-way or gallery which opens at the bottom of the nest, and, in some nests, is about a foot long and half an inch wide. This is, no doubt, intended for concealment, from field-mice, polecats, wasps, and other depredators."

Here we conclude, fully convinced that the work needs no farther commendation from us to give it deserved popularity.

Beatrice: a Tale founded on Facts. By Mrs. Hofland. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

AMID the many writers who have, in the present day, devoted talents worthy of the branch of literature they pursue—one of its most important and influential, viz. that which has in few youthful amusement and improvement—few take a deservedly higher rank than Mrs. Hofland. We know no books, for example, that we would sooner place in the hands of young people than her *Ellen the Teacher*, and the *Son of a Genius*. In this age of over-education, when, if there be no royal road to science, there are at least many macadamised ones—when zoology, conchology, &c. &c. are familiar in the mouth as “household words,”—we hold that author to be no small moral benefactor who remembers that there are such things as principles to be strengthened, affections to be cultivated, and, above all, that sense is preferable to knowledge. Indeed, good, plain, excellent sense, is the great characteristic excellence of Mrs. Hofland's works: her maxims are such as all may apply, her examples such as all may imitate. *Beatrice* is, we think, one of her most successful productions: the story, though romantic enough to be extremely interesting, is quite rational enough to be also very instructive; for few mental lessons are more instructive than difficulties supported and overcome by principle and exertion. We shall not attempt to detail the plot, but content ourselves with an extract to mark some individual excellence. The ensuing scene is one of much power; it is that of a gamester returning home to the wife whom his harshness has already reduced almost to the grave.

“He descended with heavy steps, and turned into the little breakfast-parlour. Mrs. De Lester had been during the whole evening in that dreadful state, which may be conceived as affecting one whose health was so delicate, whose heart was so worn, whose *all* was set on one awful cast. The sultry state of the atmosphere, the distant roll of thunder, the fear that something might prevent Alice and Beatrice from arriving, and the remembrance that, in all probability, her last hope, her last chance, was over, contributed so to agitate her, that many times in the course of the evening it might be said her poor frame shook ‘almost to dissolution;’ and often did she wish the struggle was over, even by the surrender of an existence so long rendered miserable. At length, in the dead of night, when her very soul might be said to centre in her sense of hearing, she heard a light yet distinct step: it ascended the stairs to Alice's room; ‘doubtless it was she, who was in the first place seeking a cloak or other necessities.’ In a few minutes this doubt vanished—it was De Lester's tread: ‘ unquestionably he had discovered their design; he had sought Alice as the first victim of his wrath, and not found her; he was coming alone, in this hour of darkness, to wreak it upon her.’ Gasping for breath, conscious of increasing faintness, Elinor tore the handkerchief from her throat, and tried to rise from the sofa on which she was sitting, that she might approach the window for air; but every step which brought her husband more near, doubled the beating of her heart, the indistinctness of her perceptions; and, at the moment when his hand was laid on the handle of the door, she sunk utterly lifeless on the pillow of the sofa, her head so thrown as to render her position dangerous. There was a chamber-lamp in the room, which, together with the candle in his

hand, shewed De Lester the form and situation of his wife. For a moment he started horror-struck, as thinking she was dead; but, on looking at her closely, he was convinced she had only fainted, for he had seen her several times in a precisely similar situation. ‘Doubtless she had heard him, and, knowing the house was unguarded, had been terrified by the fear of thieves. What! if she never should recover?—would it not be well if she never did? Her will might be now established—Maria might be his: the world was before him in all its splendour of promise.’ ‘A busy, meddling fiend’ was at the gamester's heart: the most tempting stake he had ever thrown for was before him; the prize, the splendid wealth, by which he might win a world of wealth, could be obtained, and, as it appeared, without risk for the future: ‘the future of time he meant—the future of eternity he thought not of.’ Whilst he gazed on her pale countenance, and her long small neck now exposed by her position, he perceived a slight motion of the eyelid indicative of returning life; he sprang forward, and his heart whispered, ‘that motion must be the last.’ Instantly clasping her neck with his hands, which yet trembled as they murdered, he pressed her closely: a deep gurgling sound rose from the stomach, and seemed struggling in the throat, whilst the body, as by a convulsive effort, rolled from the sofa upon the floor. Starting, as if the dead had risen from the grave to reproach him, De Lester suddenly let go his hold and fled from the room—from the house.”

We agree too well with the following passage not to quote it.

“Of all the acts of folly and cruelty of which parental blindness can be guilty, there is none more to be lamented than that which, from the pride of display, or even the more generous desire for improvement, induces any one to press on infancy the tasks fitted for youth, or demand from youth the wisdom of manhood. It is rending and scattering the blossoms in order to reach the fruit, which, if obtained, is immature, unnatural, and therefore unpleasant; it is the conduct of an Egyptian taskmaster, demanding a work without the materials which form it; an arraignment of the wisdom and providence of God, who, in rendering man the most perfect of his creatures, has yet evidently made his progress the slowest towards the attainment of his powers. That indolence must be conquered, industry excited in children; that Dr. Johnson truly said, ‘idleness was the fault of human nature;’ and it is a fault every wise and kind parent will seek to eradicate,—there is no denying; but we speak in pity to that class of children who are stimulated because they are willing—goaded whilst running. Can the recitation of Greek verses at ten years old, the power of playing difficult music at sight by fingers not half grown, or any of the wonders we see and hear so much of, repay a blooming girl for the roses that are banished, the breath that is shortened, the appetite that is fled, the spine that is curvating, the sense of joyful existence which once danced in her eyes, vibrated through her nerves, was heard in every thrilling accent?—Oh, no!”

In laying down Mrs. Hofland's works, we feel it is an equal pleasure and justice to say we cordially approve and warmly recommend them.

Epicharis: an Historical Tragedy. By the Author of “Granny.” 8vo. pp. 115. London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

WE doubt whether this tragedy be so well

calculated for quiet and unexcited perusal;—indeed, criticism on an acted drama comes somewhat late: if favourable, it is but the echo of already expressed opinion; and if the reverse, the author's ear has previously confessed his doom. We shall therefore content ourselves with quotation: our first is Flavius's spirited address to Piso.

“All is not lost if thou art still the same I thought these once—let us play a daring part; No other suits the time. Come to the camp And rouse our soldiers—or be that my office— Mount thou the rostrum—let thy eloquence Flow as it hath ere now: we'll not lack help— Trust me there's many a yet unsounded bosom Will kindle at thy words. Our confidence Will show like strength—surprise and dread will quell The spirit of Nero—dangers unforeseen Scare e'en the brave—and, what! shall you poor tyrant With Tigellinus and his sensual crew For sole defence—shall he resist our onset, As sudden as 'tis fierce? We'll prove his power. We know not yet the vastness of our own. Plans to the dastard seem impossible, While the prophetic eye of bravery Prefigures their completion. Oh! if safety, If ought but fameless safety were our aim, 'T were wiser to be bold. The pestilence Of treachery spreadeth far; its deadly breath Hath been on thee; and in a few short hours It may consign thee to inglorious death. If thou must fall, oh, let it be with honour— Fall with the last proud wrecks of Roman virtue— Fall for the commonwealth—fall if thou must, But so that not success can be more glorious. Thou hast a soul awake to high ambition— And shall it slumber? See, there lies success— There failure—but what failure? I will tell thee. If e'en thou fallest nobly, thy blest name Shall find a dwelling-place in every heart Where honour lives. Their memories shall embalm thee— Their children shall be taught to lip thy praise, And hold thee more than mortal; and who e'er Utters henceforth the awful name of Rome, Shall think on Piso.”

One pretty speech of the heroine's, and we have done.

But, my Flavius, Methinks I must reproach thy secrecy. What! bear this spirit-stirring tale so long Pent in thy bosom! Nay, forgive me, dearest: I was not cast one cloud on that fair brow That I could not remove. I would not wound Thy soft and tender nature. Ay, 'tis soft, A very woman's; yet believe not, Flavius, That I would shrink to hear of noble peril, Or dim the glory of the man I honoured With ill-timed tremblings for his safety. Danger Is a dread precipice, on the brink of which Man earns the love of woman. I have not Perchance that rigid stubbornness of nerve That Roman matrons boast: I cannot view With stern delight the dreadful game of death In the blood-stained arena. I have shuddered At the bare mention of its festivals, Where one slight motion of a careless hand Is made the signal for deliberate slaughter, And wanton idlers bid defenceless men Be butchered for their sport. Yes, if to shudder At deeds like these be weak, then such am I. But yet, repent not to have told me all. I can applaud your dangers, and can share them. I may have yet to prove what fortitude Lurks in the silken folds of female weakness.”

Reisen in Egypten, &c. Travels in Egypt, Libya, Nubia, and Dongola, between the Years 1820—1825. By Dr. W. F. Hemprich and Dr. C. G. Ehrenberg. Vol. I. Part I. 4to. Berlin, 1828.

THOUGH the work, of which this first part is the forerunner, cannot fail to prove a valuable accession to the cabinet of the geologist and botanist, yet so much has been written and published of late on the subject of the countries to which its scientific pages are devoted, that our readers will rather than blame us for waving any diffusive comment upon it. Besides, separate narratives of this expedition have already been given by General Minutoli, Dr. Scholz, and M. Gruec. It may be necessary, however, to remind the reader, that it was undertaken under the patronage of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, was

nearly wrecked by reason of the scanty supplies with which that learned body was enabled to furnish it, and was ultimately indebted for its refitting and completion to the munificence and public spirit of the present King of Prussia; a monarch who has, silently and unostentatiously, effected more for the real happiness and intellectual advancement of thirteen millions of his fellow-creatures than any other of the loudly be-praised princely liberals of his age.

To the subsequent extracts from this publication we shall merely premise, that the travellers quitted the shores of Europe in June 1820, and returned in 1826, from a six years' sojourn in Africa, during which Dr. Hemprich, Professor Liman, and seven other Europeans, sunk under the privations and difficulties to which they were exposed.

The Bocca di Cattaro.—"The inhabitants of this district are an athletic race; nor can I ever forget the five living Rolandos whom I saw standing in the cafeteria of Castel Nuovo, dressed out in their Sunday attire, and glittering with their silver arms; their noble figures singularly contrasting with a meagre, black-apparelled mummy of an attorney. The perusal of the regulations induced them with right military precision to remove their hats from their brows. In a moment my fancy had conjured up the forms of Tell and his companions in arms; my companion's thoughts were busied with like recollections; and it required all the persuasion which his prudence could suggest, to induce me not to make a sketch of this interesting scene, in which the parties were occupied with the execution of a contract. The people of the country have borne their national character in its fullest vigour through every repeated change of masters. The countryman will not resign the arms at his girdle, and his long Albanian musket, glistening with its silver glories, though murder and deeds of sanguinary vengeance have long since made the government desirous of disarming him. The military garrisons of the forts never associate with these people: mutual pride and mistrust have raised a partition wall between them; and the soldiery are compelled to keep constantly upon their guard. Allusions were dropped by the Hungarians, who compose the bulk of the garrison, to an Austrian Siberia; but the perspiration which distilled from our every pore afforded pretty substantial proof that the comparison did not hold good, so far as climate was concerned. When any of the natives die, their female neighbours issue forth with dishevelled locks, the flesh torn off their faces and bosoms, and howling in regular cadence. Many of them cut off their hair, bind it with the deceased person's, and set up the branch upon the grave. All monks and clerical persons stand in bad odour; and we found it a prevalent axiom among the common people, that those who consider religion as their bread, cannot be religious themselves. An atrocious murder, consequent upon violation, which had been committed by an ecclesiastic not many days before, close to Castel Nuovo, seemed to be the chief cause of the odium generated against his caste; and it must be confessed, that if there were any truth in the tales of atrocities told of the ecclesiastics in this quarter, they deserved all the detestation in which they were held. The Bocchese are in part Catholics and in part schismatic Greeks; and the juxtaposition of two such determined rivals, of whom the latter are the prevailing party, is probably the occasion of all kinds of broils.

Their fasts are long and rigid;—a point in which the Catholics approximate closely to the Greeks. Even cheese, eggs, and fish, are prohibited. For our own security's sake, we were advised, whenever we had occasion to visit any distant spot, to take none but a native for our guide. The predominant language is Illyrian; but there are individuals in every quarter who either speak Italian or can make themselves understood in that tongue. The dress of the Bocchese consists of broad, easy shoes, coloured stockings, short breeches not much slashed, and a vest fastened with large buttons, and sometimes decorated with broad gilt plates, to which it is customary to add a large glass button set in silver. Round the middle of the body runs a girdle of red woollen stuff, into which a long knife with a silver sheath is stuck, the knife being secured by a silver chain. Its usual accompaniments are a smaller knife and a richly ornamented pistol. A woollen jerkin hangs across the left shoulder. Their sleek locks are covered by a round hat, with a somewhat capacious brim; and in their hand they bear an Albanian musket, handsomely ornamented. A tobacco-bag hanging from the girdle, and a long pipe with a Turkish head and amber mouth-piece, complete the personal paraphernalia of the Dalmatian. There is much less of display in the female's attire. An upper-garment without sleeves, and of no very becoming trim, sets every conjecture as to corporeal endowments at defiance. The hair is loosely bound together, or enveloped in a cloth. Castel Nuovo lies on the side of a hill; the fortress standing on the summit, about four hundred feet above the town. One part of the place is protected by high walls, and the other hangs over steep precipices; it consists of small houses of a mean appearance, most of them being set against the rocks: a few of them form steep lanes, and some fifteen are brought together so as to form a kind of market-place, where stands a well, bearing an Arabic inscription. Cattaro is not much larger nor handsomer. The environs of Castel Nuovo offer a rich banquet to the historical inquirer, in its ruins, walls, and inscriptions. Its population is about 1000; and that of Cattaro cannot be much larger."

Coloured Shadows.—"When in the neighbourhood of Candia, on the first of September, about sunset, there was a large halo encircling the sun, and to this succeeded a deep glow of evening crimson. The heavens were cloudless, and the sky was serene and clear. Under such circumstances as these, it was singular that every shadow in the ship was tinted;—an occurrence which generally accompanies double refraction. The shadows which fell upon the white scuttles were of azure blue; and those which fell upon the rigging and sails, to which the sun had imparted a slight reddish tint, varied from blue to green. Some were of a clear bright green. The sea was agitated, and did not reflect the sun. On those portions of the sails which the sun had tinted with the deepest red, the green predominated over the blue. A similar, and no less brilliant appearance, was observed on the 3d of September; and in both instances there was not only no double shadow, but the sun was surrounded by a halo. The tint thus imparted to the shadows must have arisen from the yellowish gray stratum of mist which lay between the ship and the sun."

A Beduin Family.—"We must yet render some account of the family of Beduins, in whose neighbourhood we had encamped for the night, during our excursion to the Libyan

desert. The *paterfamilias* was a robust old man, with silvery locks, and led an isolated life in this district with three old women, who formed part of his chattels: he inhabited a hut constructed with branches of the date-tree and durra-straw; it was enclosed on three sides only, and was too low to admit of a person's standing upright. He was perfectly naked, save and except a piece of ragged cloth drawn across his loins, and wore on his head a tattered woollen cap, which evinced, by its hue, that his wives were not addicted to the craft of washing. The latter were clad with a piece of exceedingly dirty linen, which they had thrown over their heads and round their bodies; and tended his flocks, with the assistance of long staves made of the date-tree. Naked as the old man was, he was nevertheless the owner of several camels, oxen, asses, seven hundred sheep, and some hundreds of goats. By means of a cross pole, furnished with a counterpoise at one end and a basket at the other, he drew up water for the irrigation of his little garden; in which he cultivated durra, tobacco, and melons. Immediately against the well he had raised a dam, running in an inclined direction into his garden, and formed a canal on the top of it, through apertures in which, that he could open with his hand or close with earth, he led the water to whatever spot he wished. We perceived no arms or utensils under his roof, besides a gun and half the rind of a gourd: some remnants of woollen cloth apparently formed their nightly coverings. His wives, whose chins were painted blue, always kept themselves at a distance, and when they wished to speak to him, winked to him to come to them: their faces were not concealed; but whenever our excursions brought us near to them, they drew a corner of the linen that covered their heads across their mouths, but without moving away from the spot. Their food consisted of fresh bread baked upon heated stones, and a little milk; though dry as the season of the year was to our apprehension, we could not obtain any without making a present to the owner. In spite of the miserable scantiness of comforts which characterised this nomadic existence, the harmless expression of the old man's features inspired us with a tinge of veneration for its simplicity. The deprivations, which apparently accompanied it, were in fact engendered by the paucity of its exigencies; and every circumstance which surrounded us called up vivid recollections of the patriarchal times."

At our next convenience we shall extract from this work some interesting particulars relative to Mehmet Ali, Pasha of Egypt.*

Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1830. London. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE is a very agreeable variety in this volume; Mr. Kennedy's productions being, on the whole, the most striking and original. His "Outline of a Life" deserves peculiar notice; and we cannot do better than quote his poem of "Lyra."

"Meet emblem of the fairest dreams
Of Poesy art thou,
Sweet Lyra! with thy locks of youth
Around a thoughtful brow.
The sacred instrument of song
That woos thy high command,
May well give forth its holiest tones
Beneath so pure a hand.

* Apropos of this pasha, we observe that he is about to increase his army, and place it entirely on the European footing. The *Spectateur Militaire* states that he has secured the services of five French *chefs d'escadron*, who are to receive each 25,000*fr.* per annum; and sixteen cavalry captains, who are to have each 10,000*fr.*

O were the minstrel's soul still warmed
By visions like to thee,
How blest in this world's wilderness
His quiet walk would be!

Quick-rushing tears of love would flow
From ardent eyes and proud,
Drawn by his voice, as grateful showers
Fall from a thunder-cloud.

And, touched by him, dark Passion's drops
Would turn to Virtue's gold,
And scenes to Fancy only known
As yet, all might behold.

All might—all would—could Fantasy
Effect each airy plan,
Or could a fond wish separate
The minstrel from the man.

But bards of the least earthly mould
Have much of mortal leaven;
They match the eagle in his flight,
And soar—though not to heaven.

O were this breast a temple fit,
Dear Lyra, for thy stay,
By the best blossom of my hopes,
Farewell I could not say!

But there, from highways of the world,
Intrude a vagrant crew
Of thoughts unmet to mate with thee;
So, Beautiful! adieu.

The rarest wind that blows will bear
Thee gladsomely along,
If, like the lark, thou'lt only cheer
Thy journey with a song.

Then on the pinions of the breeze
O'er mead and mountain sail—
Smooth the stern warrior's stormy front,
Console the lover pale.

And at those hours when most I feel
Heart-purified and free,
I shall invoke thee, that thou may'st
My guiding spirit be."

The "Bechuana Boy," by the editor himself (Mr. T. Pringle), is a very pretty poem; and the "White Bristol"—a curious title for a slight story—very dramatically put together. The binding, embossed plum-coloured leather, is both elegant and better adapted for use as well as ornament than the cases of its silken rivals.

The Bijou: an Annual of Literature and the Arts. London, 1830. W. Pickering.

IN our last we passed in review that division of this Annual which pertains to the arts: of its literary division we are not called upon to say much; for, with some pleasing reading, there is nothing so much out of the common way as to tempt us to extract. Indeed, the *Bijou* must rest more on its arts than its literature this year—a remark, be it said, which will apply very generally to its fellows in the field. There is not one of these publications which is not "as cheap as dirt,"* if merely estimated by its embellishments; yet, in truth, the majority are very defective in literary novelty and striking talent; but we promised to withhold our reflections till the entire produce of the season was fairly before us,—and we shall then take a comprehensive view of their effects upon contemporary literature and arts.

The Juvenile Keepsake. 1830. Edited by T. Roscoe. London. Hurst and Co.

ANOTHER very delightful little volume, and one we can cordially praise; but, from an overpress of these annual *débütantes*, we can only extract the following little poem by L. E. L.

"The Mariner's Child to his Mother.
Oh, weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh, weep no more to-night;
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light."

* The Printer's Devil having queried our marks of quotation, we are bound to give up our author; viz. Cornelius O'Gorman, from whose sign we copied it some time since, and somewhere down the river. C. O'G. appeared, from circumstances, to have set up, over the way, a rival shop to John Timson's, who having inscribed his board—"John Timson, Haberdasher, &c.—all sorts of haberdashery goods as cheap as Flint's." Mr. O'Gorman immediately added to his name and pretensions "all sorts of haberdashery goods as cheap as dirt!"

Then the bright blue sky is joyful,
And the bright blue sky is clear,
And I can see, sweet mother,
To kiss away your tear.

But now the wind goes wailing
O'er the dark and trackless deep,
And I know your grief, sweet mother,
Though I only hear you weep.

My father's ship will come, mother,
In safety o'er the main;
When the grapes are dyed with purple,
He will be back again.

The vines were but in blossom
When he bade me watch them grow;
And now the large leaves, mother,
Conceal their crimson glow.

He'll bring us shells and sea-weed,
And birds of shining wing;
But what are these, dear mother?
It is himself he'll bring.

Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The prayers of early morning,
The vigils you have kept.

She will guide his stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and drear;
Another week of sunshine,
My father will be here.

I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight;
Come, come and sleep, dear mother—
Oh, weep no more to-night."

There is a pretty tale, translated from Madame de Genlis; and we like much the "Mask," and a "Tale of the Christmas Holydays."

Mac Farlane's Constantinople in 1828.

(Second Notice.)

HAVING left a few matters in this publication which seem to us to demand our notice, we beg to append the following short sketch to what we said in our preceding Number.

"Gaming (says the author) is a vice in which all barbarians are found to delight; and the strict prohibition of the Koran has not been sufficient to repel the passion from the breasts of the Turks. On the quay of Smyrna, and immediately under the windows of my friend Langdon's house, I used to observe daily a tribe of uncouth mountaineers playing at a game with three thimbles and a pea (the identical ambulatory mode of gambling resorted to on our race-courses). The table was kept by a Smyrniote Greek; but the solemn Turk, Hadji-Bey, the chief of the police, was a partner in the concern; and thus not only free license to the infringement of the laws of the prophet was accorded, but the *cal's-paw*, the Greek, was protected in the exercise of his calling against the violence of the losers. I have frequently been amused by observing a group of naked-legged devildjis, or camel-drivers, gathered round the attractive table: their wild, coal-black eyes would almost start out of their head, as they followed the motions of the adroit Greek; their hard, fixed features would brighten into an expression of triumph as they threw down their broad hand on the thimble,—sure the pea was there; and perspiration would stand in globules on their forehead after their repeated failures and losses. All their Turkish and oriental apathy was not proof to the excitement of play; and their animation and expression was the more striking, from their general phlegmatic demeanour and the immobility of their countenances. I once saw a fellow of this class, who had just received several hundred piastres for some figs he had brought to market, play at the thimbles and pea until he had lost his last asper; and he would then have staked his camels, if the Greek had not been afraid. Another evening I saw a swarthy devildji, who had been repeatedly foiled by the dexterous ghiaour, and who had lost his last stake, wax furious and rush on the Greek with his drawn yataghan,

swearing he was Satan himself, or he could not so deceive his eyes. Two stout Turks, covered with arms, the allies or the agents of friend Hadji-Bey, always hovered by to protect the conjurer and the money,—they were there then, and seized and disarmed the madman before he could do any mischief. This game of the pea is the only species of gambling in public I ever saw amongst the Turks.

"I have" (continues Mr. Mac Farlane, speaking of another Turkish relaxation) "described the military music of the Turks as I was accustomed to hear it at Smyrna: it was not without its charms; but the Turkish music at the College of Dervishes was, as might be supposed, far superior. Indeed, after being somewhat used to its wildness and eccentricity, I began even to relish it, and was frequently deeply moved with its thrilling flight and its simplicity, particularly when the minstrels sounded 'the loftier theme,' responsive to the Arabic adjurations of devotion and enthusiasm, and the dervishes were dancing violently round, as in a whirlwind. The favourite instrument, and which is indeed their best, is a sort of pipe or flute, held almost perpendicularly, and blown at the end like a flageolet or clarinet: it is above three feet in length, more slender than our common flutes, with its stops much wider apart; it seems made of a simple reed or cane, and has no keys. In short, it is as primitive a musical instrument as I ever saw, and probably has descended without improvement or change from the most remote ages and the earliest people of the East. Yet from this rude reed notes are produced that are ravishingly soft and sweet—some of them dissimilar, but very superior to the finest tones I ever heard from our flute, even when in the hands of a Drouet. There is a species of flute with an elbow, called by the Italians '*la voce umana*,' whose notes approach near to those of the Turkish pipe,—but they do not equal them."

Among the other curiosities in these volumes is a copy of the Prayer, in Romaic, which the Sultan Mahmoud, their sworn and cruel adversary, caused the Greek patriarch to frame, and the Greek population of Constantinople to put up to heaven in their churches, for the success of his arms. We would fain print this remarkable document, but we want room.

At Prinkipo Mr. Mac Farlane took up his lodgings with three respectable Greek widows, of whom the following melancholy tale is told:

"The eldest of them had been the wife of a Greek musician of high repute; the two younger the wives of the old lady's sons: the father and the two sons, who lived together, had been instructors in the accomplishments of music and dancing to the female children purchased for the sultan, and destined to grace his harem. These situations were lucrative, and even honourable in the estimation of the country. The quiet retreat of Prinkipo was well chosen: the fair Turkish children were lodged in the house of the Greek, and several who had since become the ornaments of the seraglio, or the favourites of the sultan, had dwelt and played in the rooms of which I was about to take possession. The employment of the Greeks was one of great confidence, and, as I have said, even of honour, and frequently brought both father and sons in contact with the great Turks about the seraglio,—at times even with the sultan himself, and they might indeed be considered as sorts of favourites, and among the small number of rayahs of their class who deemed themselves bound to pray for the prosperity of Mahmood. At the breaking

out of the Greek revolution they were residing at Prinkipo, whence perhaps they had never been much farther distant than to Constantinople in their lives. Of the movements of their brethren, whether in the Principalities, the Morea, or the Islands, they knew nothing; yet one morning, the father and his two sons were summoned to the Porte, and beheaded without a word of accusation or of reason on the part of the Turks. They had repaired at the call unsuspectingly, and even confident in the favour they enjoyed; and the hapless females, who were never to see them more, saw them depart early in the morning, nothing doubting but they would return in the evening. The wife of the head of the family, who suffered doubly in the loss of husband and sons, at that distance of time had not wholly recovered from the shock which had nearly deprived her of reason. Her widowed daughters-in-law were two genteel women, apparently under thirty years of age; at the time one of them had been suffering for many months from the attacks of a slow fever, which had reduced her to such a state of weakness that she very rarely left her bed. I never saw a human being so pale, and thin, and wo-begone. She would take no medicine—she dared not shorten her life, but she would do nothing to prolong it; and it was sometimes with difficulty that her affectionate relatives could induce her to swallow that infinitely small portion of food on which she existed. As her fever was intermittent I thought that the chinine I was taking might be beneficial to her; she, however, constantly refused to take it, and would not listen to the advice of the Swedish physician who several times visited me. The Greeks always wear their mourning, particularly when the person lost has stood in such a close relation as that of husband or son, for a very long time, I believe scrupulously, never less than three years; but seven years had elapsed since these unfortunate women were widowed, and they still wore their weeds, which would certainly never be quitted by two of them,—the aged and the sick; and most probably never by the third. Such a sad household might be imagined not at all befitting one in my state, but their grief had long ceased to be noisy or obtrusive; their calm melancholy would frequently be enlivened by the gaiety of others, and whenever they had any thing to do for me they did it with alacrity and pleasure. That natural grace and gentility which I have so often remarked even in Greeks of very inferior condition, were strikingly conspicuous in these widows of Prinkipo."

We have only once more to recommend these very agreeable volumes to the attention of our readers.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

Untersuchungen über das Gelbe Fieber, &c. Inquiries concerning the Yellow Fever, &c. By C. C. Matthæi, &c. Hanover, 1827.

LATE as may be our notice of this work, and abundantly as the general reader may feel astonished that we have not suffered it to retain its station on the shelf of oblivion, we have, amongst others, three very powerful reasons for taking it in hand. In the first place, it is the work of a writer who has, long and deeply, studied his subject; in the second, it is a prize essay; and in the third, (compared with which indeed the preceding motives possess scarcely the weight of a feather,) the interests of science and of society at large enjoin us, on such occasions, to abandon the path of amusement for that of utility. We also feel that we shall

best promote the purpose of this notice by omitting to lead the reader over the field of controversy; we shall not inquire whether the virulence of the disease be greatest, or its treatment best understood, in Gibraltar or Kingston—nor whether it is contagious at Philadelphia and non-contagious at Marseilles; but proceed at once, and with all the brevity of which we are masters, to give an *aperçu* of opinions which have not only conferred a rich meed of distinction on their propounder, but have received the sanction of the medical faculty of Berlin.

In 1822 the government of Oldenburg proposed a series of questions respecting the yellow fever; and assigned a reward of two hundred ducats to the individual by whom the faculty of medicine of the University of Frederic-William should deem those questions had been most satisfactorily resolved. Of the eighteen essays consequently presented to them, they adjudged the premium to that which bore the motto, "*Opinionum commenta delet dies, natura judicia confirmat.*" The author of the successful essay proved to be Counsellor Matthæi of Verden, a writer of previous celebrity, who had made a complete collection of every work published on either side of the Atlantic on the subject of that dreadful scourge. And we consider our time cannot be more usefully employed than in stating the principal questions he discusses, and giving his solution of them.

1. What are the causes which engender the yellow fever in tropical regions?—"An atmospheric heat of not less than 72 degrees of Fahrenheit (or 19 degrees of Réaumur) is considered necessary for the generation of this disease; and, when once germinated, its dissemination will be most fatally promoted by an inferior degree of heat, provided that degree be above the point of congelation. It does not appear requisite, either for its generation or propagation, that the atmosphere should be charged with aqueous vapours, or exhalations from putrid substances, whether animal or vegetable; and it is as yet uncertain what degree of influence is produced upon it by atmospherical electricity, or any convulsions of the elements, such as earthquakes, &c. It is most probable, on the other hand, that the reciprocal agency of persons of various climes herding together, promoted as it is by a tropical climate,—not merely individual predisposition especially deriving from a want of acclimatisation, from sudden change in the system of living, or from depressing affections of the mind,—is the chief source of the yellow fever. This inference is corroborated by the well-known fact, that the disease was originally a stranger to the American shores, until it was generated by the circumstances attendant upon the intrusion of the Spaniards."

2. When the malady has reached its height, can any inherently morbid or contagious principle exhibit itself and be propagated by means of the direct or indirect contact of two bodies?—"The yellow fever is contagious; and though, on certain occasions, it may not wear that appearance, these are the result either of accidental circumstances, which elude the virulence of the contagion, or of the absence of any susceptibility of its agency on the part of those who are exposed to it. A similar occurrence is observable with other contagious diseases, and particularly the small-pox. It should be remarked, that several fevers, peculiar to tropical climates, are accompanied by vomiting and jaundice of the skin, though they are not homogeneous with the yellow fever, nor of a contagious character."

3. Does the yellow fever of the United States, of America and the south of Europe entirely resemble the yellow fever of tropical countries, and do both spring from like causes?—"The testimony of medical men, who have witnessed epidemical crises of yellow fever at various times and in various regions, bespeaks its identity. This is equally corroborated by a comparison of the observations made on the spot, both as regards the symptoms of the disease, as well as its prognostics, and the phenomena discoverable by aid of the microscope."

4. Is the yellow fever a specific disease and *sui generis*, or simply a more intense degree of the intermittent and remittent bilious fevers peculiar to warm climates?—"It is a disease *sui generis*, which, among other characteristics, stands distinct from the intermittent and remittent bilious fevers peculiar to warm climates, by its contagious quality."

5. Has it hitherto prevailed along the seacoast only, without affecting elevated regions?—"There has occurred but one solitary instance in which the yellow fever has shewn itself on a spot which was six thousand feet above the level of the sea; but this forms no ground for assuming that it is absolutely impossible it should not affect more elevated regions."

6. Does the yellow fever appear at times sporadically, or does it shew itself only under an epidemic form in the hot season?—"The sporadic yellow fever cannot be said to be of more rare occurrence than the sporadic small-pox."

The writer does not advance a single proposition without supporting it by the testimony of facts, or by the documents given in the second volume, which contains four appendices, and in which he briefly narrates every instance of yellow fever hitherto observed, enumerates the places and dates where and when that disease occurred, gives an alphabetical catalogue of 556 books and pamphlets on the subject, and quotes the original passages in support of the facts he adduces.

In opposition to M. Chervin, who has asserted that the yellow fever is not contagious, the whole medical faculty of Berlin stamp with their approving "*imprimatur*" the following dictum of Counsellor Matthæi:—"Happy will it be for the human race, if every individual will but open his mind to a firm conviction that the yellow fever generates a principle, which, when transferred either directly or indirectly to healthy persons, imparts the same disease to them, under conditions propitious to the agency of that principle. With such a conviction, no expense, no privations, no exertions, would be spared, which would conduce to avert the dangers attendant upon the birth and propagation of that disease from countries which have hitherto escaped its contamination. With such a conviction, neither sovereigns nor nations would lend a favourable ear to those writers who found their assertions on hypotheses unsupported by demonstration; and, with no other object in view but the supposed interests of commerce, strive to represent every sanitary precaution against the yellow fever as useless, superfluous, and therefore ridiculous."

We hope, cursory as is our notice, that it will justify the premises with which we introduced this important publication to the reader's attention; but we cannot shut it without adding, that the work is closed by a geographical chart, in which a yellow tint is given to every spot where the fever has prevailed, from its first appearance until the present hour.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Young Lady's Book: a Manual of Elegant Recreations, Exercises, and Pursuits. 12mo. pp. 504. London, 1829. Vizetelly, Branston, and Co.

We shall find it difficult to speak of this volume in terms sufficiently expressive of the admiration, and indeed wonder, with which an examination of it has filled us. It is not only a curiosity, but a beautiful curiosity; and no less excellent in its useful qualities, than it is elegant in its decorative parts. A few years ago all the talents in England could not have produced such a work: now it is a fine example of the perfection to which wood engraving is carried,—and the multitude of prints of every kind does infinite credit to the taste and skill of Messrs. Vizetelly and Branston. Besides forty or fifty principal embellishments, there are hundreds of small cuts to illustrate the various subjects, which well merit to be perennially esteemed "*the Young Lady's Book*"—botany, mineralogy, conchology, entomology, dancing, riding, archery, music, and other accomplishments becoming in the youthful fair. But the book must be seen to be valued as it deserves; and all that we shall add is our most unreserved praise both of its ornaments of every kind, and of the very pleasing, able, and winning way in which its literary, scientific, and amusing pages are put together. A better or more captivating performance to present to a young lady has not been offered to the choice of parents or friends. By its perusal, and by an attention to its contents, every fair and blooming reader may become—what we consider the perfection of the sex—an accomplished English gentlewoman.

The Golden Lyre. Edited by John Macray. London, 1830. J. D. Haas.

THIS is one of the curiosities of modern literature, being a little volume beautifully printed in gold, and containing selections from poets of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain: in all, amounting to thirty short pieces, tastefully selected from popular authors. *The Golden Lyre* is dedicated to Princess Mary Esterhazy; and is appropriate to a young lady at whose grandfather's diamond coat we have wondered and admired so much.

The Fitzwalters, Barons of Chesterton; or Ancient Times in England. By the author of "a Winter's Tale," &c. &c. London, 1829. Newman and Co.

ONE of the steady old school of novel-writing, which we should find it impossible to exemplify by quotation, even if we wished to do so, instead of consigning the old Barons of Chesterton to the modern circulating libraries.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT.

M. Champollion's Thirteenth Letter—continued. [We resume the interesting description of the tomb of Pharaoh Rhames, the son of Memnon.]

NEAR the first door, that of the rising, the twenty-four hours of the astronomical day are represented under a human form, with a star upon their heads, and marching towards the further part of the tomb, as if to indicate the direction of the god's course, and to point out that which must be followed in studying the pictures, which excite a more lively interest, because in each of the twelve hours of the day is drawn the detailed image of the bark of the god, navigating in the celestial river on the primordial fluid or ether, the principle of all

natural things, according to the Egyptian philosophers, with the figures of the gods who successively assist him, and besides the representation of the celestial abodes through which he passes, and the mythological scenes proper to each of the hours of the day.

Thus at the first hour his bari or bark begins to move, and receives the adoration of the spirit of the east. Among the pictures of the second hour we find the great serpent Apophis, the brother and enemy of the sun, watched by the god Atmou. At the third hour, the god Sun arrives in the celestial zone, where the fate of souls is decided, with respect to the bodies which they are to inhabit in their new transmigrations: the god Atmou is seen seated upon his tribunal, weighing in his balance the human souls which successively come forward. One of them has just been condemned; it is seen carried back to the earth in a bari, which advances towards the gate, guarded by Anubis, and driven with rods by Cynocephali, the emblems of divine justice: the culprit is in the figure of an enormous sow, above which is engraved in large characters, *gluttony*—doubtless the capital sin of the delinquent, some gourmand of those times.

At the fifth hour the god visits the Elysian fields of the Egyptian mythology, inhabited by the souls of the blessed, reposing after the fatigues of their transmigrations upon earth. On their heads they wear an ostrich feather, the emblem of their just and virtuous conduct. They are seen presenting offerings to the gods, or, under the inspection of the lord of the joy of the heart, they gather the fruits of the celestial trees of this paradise. Further on are others with sickles in their hands; these are the souls that cultivate the fields of truth; their legend is as follows:—"They make libations of water, and offerings of the grains of the fields of glory; they hold a sickle to reap the fields, which are their portion; the god Sun says to them, 'Take the sickles, reap the grain, carry it to your abode, enjoy it, and present it as a pure offering to the gods.'" Elsewhere they are seen bathing, leaping, swimming, and playing, in a great basin filled with the celestial and primordial water, all under the inspection of the god heavenly Nile. In the following hours the gods prepare to combat the great enemy of the Sun, the serpent of Apophis. They provide themselves with stakes and nets, because the monster inhabits the waters of the river on which the vessel of the Sun navigates. They stretch ropes—Apophis is taken, and bound with cords. This immense reptile is dragged out of the river by means of a cable, which the goddess Selk fastens round his neck, and which is drawn by twelve gods, assisted by a very complex machine, worked by the god Sev (Saturn), assisted by the genii of the four cardinal points. But all these preparations would be vain against the efforts of Apophis, did not an enormous hand (that of Ammon) issue from below, which seizes the rope, and checks the fury of the dragon. Lastly, at the eleventh hour of the day, the captive serpent is strangled; and soon afterwards the god Sun reaches the extreme point of the horizon, where he is going to disappear. It is the goddess Netphé (Rhea) who, performing the office of the Thetis of the Greeks, rises to the surface of the celestial waters, and mounted on the head of her son Osiris, whose body ends in a volute like that of a syren, the goddess receives the vessel of the Sun, which is soon taken into the immense arms of the celestial Nile, the old ocean of the Egyptian mythology.

The course of the sun in the lower hemi-

sphere, or that of darkness, during the twelve hours of night, that is to say, the counterpart of the preceding scenes, is sculptured on the walls of the royal tombs, opposite to those of which I have just given a very succinct description. There the god, pretty generally painted black from head to foot, traverses the seventy-five circles or zones, over which preside so many divine personages of various forms, armed with swords. These circles are inhabited by the souls of the guilty, which undergo various torments. This is truly the primordial type of the Inferno of Dante—for the variety of the torments is surprising; and I am not astonished that some travellers, shocked at these scenes of carnage, considered them as affording proofs of the use of human sacrifices in Egypt; but the inscriptions remove all uncertainty on this head. These are affairs of the other world, and form no ground for judging of the usages and customs of this world.

The guilty souls are punished in different ways in most of the infernal zones which the god Sun visits; these impure spirits persevering in guilt, are almost always represented under a human form,—as that of the sparrowhawk with a human head, entirely painted black, to indicate at once their perverse nature, and their abode in the abyss of darkness. Some are strongly bound to stakes, and the guardians of the zone, flourishing their swords, reproach them with the crimes which they have committed upon earth; others are suspended with their heads downwards; others, with their hands tied upon their breast, and their heads cut off, march in long files; some, with their hands tied behind, drag upon the earth their hearts, which come from their breasts; living souls are boiled in large cauldrons, either under a human form or that of a bird, or only their heads and hearts. I have also observed souls thrown into the cauldron with the emblem of happiness and celestial repose (the Fan), to which they have forfeited all their claims. I have faithful copies of this immense series of pictures, and of the long inscriptions which accompany them. In every zone, and by the side of the tortured souls, we always read their sentence, and the punishment they undergo. "These hostile souls, it is said, do not see our god when he emits the rays of his disc; they no longer inhabit the terrestrial world, and do not hear the voice of the great God when he traverses their zones."

On the other hand, by the side of the representation of the happy souls, upon the opposite wall, we read: "These have found favour in the eyes of the great God; they inhabit the abodes of glory, those where they lead a celestial life: the bodies which they have abandoned shall repose for ever in their tombs, till they shall enjoy the presence of the supreme God."

This double series of pictures gives us therefore the psychological system of the Egyptians in its two most important and moral points—rewards and punishments. Thus is completely demonstrated all that the ancients have said of the Egyptian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the positive object of human life. It is certainly a great and happy idea to symbolise the twofold destiny of souls by the most striking of the celestial phenomena—the course of the sun in the two hemispheres, and to connect the picture of it with that of this striking and magnificent spectacle. This psychological gallery occupies the walls of the two great corridors of the two first halls of the tomb of Rhames V., which I have taken as the model of my description of the royal tombs, because

it is the most complete of them all. The same subject, but composed in a directly astronomical spirit, and on a more regular plan, because it was a scientific representation, is repeated upon the ceilings, and occupies the whole length of those of the second gallery, and of the first two halls which succeed it.

Heaven, under the form of a woman whose body is bespangled with stars, envelopes on three sides this immense composition. The torso extends the whole length of the picture, the upper part of which it covers: the head is to the west; the arms and the feet limit the length of the picture, which is divided into two equal stripes: the upper represents the superior hemisphere, and the course of the Sun in the twelve hours of the day; the lower, the inferior hemisphere, and the course of the Sun in the twelve hours of the night. To the east is represented the birth of the Sun from its divine mother Neith, under the form of an infant putting his finger to his mouth, and enclosed in a red disk. The god Meui (the Egyptian Hercules—the divine reason), standing in the bark intended for the voyages of the young god, raises his arms to place him there himself. After the infant Sun has been attended to by the two goddesses his nurses, the bark departs, and navigates the celestial ocean, or the ether, which flows like a river from the east to the west, where it forms a vast basin, into which one branch of the river falls, traversing the inferior hemisphere from west to east. Every hour of the day is marked on the body of heaven by a red disk, and in the picture by twelve barks, in which appears the god of the Sun, navigating the celestial ocean, with a suite which changes every hour, and accompanies him on the two banks. At the first hour, the moment when the vessel begins to move, the spirits of the east present their homage to the god, who is standing in his naos, which is raised in the middle of this bark. The crew consists of the goddess Sori, who impels the prow; of the god Ser, with the head of a hare, holding a long pole to sound the river, which he does not use till after the eighth hour, that is to say, when he is approaching the west: the reis, or commander, is Horus, who has under his command the god Haké-Oeris, the Phaëton and faithful companion of the Sun; the pilot who guides the helm is a hierocephalus named Hou; then the goddess Neb-wa (the lady of the bark), of whose special functions I am ignorant; lastly, the god the superior guardian of the tropics. On the banks of the river are represented the gods or spirits which preside over each of the hours of the day: they adore the Sun on his passage, or recite all the mystical names by which he was distinguished. At the second hour appear the souls of the kings, having at their head the deceased Rhameses V. going to meet the bark of the god, to adore his light. At the fourth, fifth, and sixth hours, the same Pharaoh participates in the labours of the gods who make war upon the great serpent Apophis, concealed in the waters of the ocean. In the seventh and eighth hours the celestial vessel proceeds along the coasts of the abodes of the blessed—gardens, shaded by trees of different species, under which the gods and pure souls are walking. At length the god approaches the west: Ser continually sounds the river, and the gods stationed on the banks direct the bark with precaution. It goes round the great basin at the west, and reappears in the upper half of the picture—that is to say in the inferior hemisphere—upon the river, which it ascends from west to east. But in all this navigation of the twelve hours of night, as is still

the case with the barks which ascend the Nile, the bark of the Sun is always towed by a great many subaltern genii, whose number varies every hour. The numerous suite of the god and the crew have disappeared. There remains only the pilot, standing inert at the entrance of the naos containing the god, to whom the goddess Thmei (Truth and Justice), who presides over hell, or the inferior region, seems to be addressing words of consolation.

Hieroglyphic inscriptions placed over each person, and at the commencement of all the scenes, indicate the names and the subjects, declaring the hour of the day or night to which these symbolic scenes refer. I have myself taken copies both of the pictures and of all the inscriptions. But on these same ceilings, and out of the composition which I have just described in general, there are hieroglyphic texts, perhaps still more interesting, though connected with the same subject. These are tables for the rising of the constellations for all the hours of every month of the year: they are expressed as follows:—

Month of Tobi, the last half. Orion rules and influences the left ear. 1st hour—the constellation of Orion influences the left arm. 2d hour—the constellation of Sirius influences the heart. 3d hour—the commencement of the constellation of the two stars (Gemini?) influences the heart. 4th hour—the constellations of the two stars influence the left ear. 5th hour—the stars of the river influence the heart. 6th hour—the head (or the beginning) of the lion influences the heart. 7th hour—the arrow influences the right eye. 8th hour—the long stars, the heart. 9th hour—the servants of the anterior part of the quadruped menté (the sea-lion?) influences the left arm. 10th hour—the quadruped menté the left eye. 11th hour—the servants of menté the left arm. 12th hour—the foot of the sow influences the left arm.

Here then we have a table of risings, like that which was engraved on the famous gilded circle of the monument of Osymandias, and which gave, as Diodorus Siculus says, the hours of the rising of the constellations, with the influences of each of them. This will unanswerably prove to our learned friend M. Letronne that astrology in Egypt goes back to the most remote ages,—a question in which he was much interested, and which is in fact finally decided.

The translation which I have just given of one of the twenty-four tables which compose the times of rising, is certain in those passages where I have introduced the actual names of the constellations in our planisphere. Not having had time to carry the comparison any further, I have been obliged every where else to give the literal translation of the hieroglyphic text.

It was my duty to collect—and I have done so with scrupulous care—these precious remains of ancient astronomy and science which were naturally connected with astrology, in a country where religion was the immutable basis of all social organisation. In such a political system all the sciences had, almost of course, two distinct parts,—that of facts observed, which alone constitutes our actual sciences; and the speculative part, which connected science with religious faith—a bond necessary, and even indispensable, in Egypt, where religion, in order to be strong, and to be so always, had attempted to include the whole universe, and the study of it, in its boundless domain, which, like all human conceptions, has its advantages and its disadvantages.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

22d day, 53 min.—the Sun enters Sagittarius according to the fixed zodiac; his true place in the heavens on this day is close to β Scorpi.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Capricornus	3	21	5
☾ Full Moon in Aries	10	13	46
☾ Last Quarter in Leo	19	20	51
☾ New Moon in Scorpio	26	0	38

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	17	5	40
Mars in Virgo	23	9	0
Mercury in Libra	24	15	15
Jupiter in Ophiuchus	27	9	30
Venus in Ophiuchus	27	7	2

14th day.—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible as a morning star.

Venus, as the evening star, is the most conspicuous object in the heavens, surpassing in brightness the planet Jupiter, near which it may be observed during the month. Venus will be in conjunction with the following stars, at the respective times specified:—

	D.	H.	M.
♄ Ophiuchi	1	4	
♊ Sagittarii	12	22	
♄ —	18	4	
♊ —	22	5	

5th day, 8 hrs.—Mars in conjunction with γ Virginis.

Jupiter is nearly lost in the solar beams. 18th day, 23 hrs.—in conjunction with β Ophiuchi.

10th day, 30 min.—Saturn in quadrature, nine degrees west of Regulus in Leo. This planet will transit the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	18	52	13	16	6	25	17	17
Uranus passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—								
D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	5	54	11	5	15	21	4	35

Depford.

J. T. B.

EXPEDITION: SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

A LETTER from an officer of H. M. S. Challenger says, "We left the river Plate on the 5th of October, and proceeded to our southern voyage, our little bark being heavily laden with ten months' provisions. On the 21st we put into Staten Island, and remained in a snug little cove for two months, making numerous philosophical experiments, and swinging the pendulum. We have sent home every thing of value or importance,—plants, shells, sea-weeds, and a great collection of geological specimens illustrative of the places we visited, and some stuffed birds and insects. The cold of southern regions is a complete fable, and at variance with truth and nature. At Cape Horn, in latitude 56 deg. south, vegetation was in full vigour in May, or the November of their year, and snow rarely lies upon the low grounds. In fact, we have sufficient matter to elucidate the climate of the south, and to establish its comparative mildness with the north, especially if America be taken as the example. The summers of the south are by no means warm or hot, nor winters cold; but to compensate for this, it is the region of wind, storms, and rain, perpetual gales and eternal rains: never twenty-four hours without rain. It is the court of Eolus surely. The barometric pressure low and mean, being 29.32 inches; magnetic intensity low; the winds almost always westerly; electric phenomena extremely rare. I have forwarded some seeds from these regions, which will stand the English climate well, and prove advantageous:—1. The Fuegian rush, of which most ad-

mirable baskets are made, table-mats, chair-bottoms, and probably hats and bonnets: it is remarkably strong, and the produce rather elegant, somewhat like cane-work or India mats. The stem is rather sweet, and when dried eats like coarse hay, for which in cases of necessity it may be a substitute. This rush has the habit and aspect of our common rush, which, however, it may justly supplant by reason of its very superior qualities. It will grow on moist boggy soils, where nothing else will thrive. Its flower is large, and not inelegant; it is the *juncus grandiflorus*. 2. The seeds of a barberry (*barberris microphylla*), intermediate in quality between a grape and a gooseberry, of a good size and fine appearance; the bush is not inelegant—is a free and copious bearer: the fruit fit for the table, or domestic use. 3. Seeds of a large and luxuriant celery, of very hardy habit. 4. A most charming and elegant arbutus, an evergreen of great beauty, competing even with the myrtle, and bearing a profusion of red berries in the winter. 5. A Freesia of great merit; being, in fact, a shrub of good size, bearing clusters of pendent flowers of the greatest beauty. It is a very superb plant, and so hardy as to leave no doubt of its being an ornament to the choicest gardens. An embolothrium, an auricula of great promise, and a chelone of most vivid hue, are among the handsome and ornamental plants. The berries of the hamadryas, for a colour between turmeric and annotta, with a curious specimen of wood, green as verdigris, which forms an admirable paint. These are some of the results of my botanical researches, excepting some remarks upon the magnificent and gigantic seaweeds of these regions. The Horticultural Society will have all the seeds, as they furnished me with paper, &c. for their preservation, and as I am in some measure employed by them.

"In comparative anatomy, I have made some researches which are curious. In the dissection of the seal of South Shetland, I found a vein of enormous magnitude, seventeen inches in diameter; a most prodigious one indeed, and unparalleled.—Wall, we will proceed from Staten Island to South Shetland, and to the southern land (query continent?), as many of us were disposed to rank it, from its extent and appearance. Lofty mountains running a considerable distance inland, seventy miles, and a great extent of coast, which we could not determine. We came to a point, which we called Cape Possession, and deposited a cylinder, containing an inscription of our taking possession in the name of George IV.; the latitude of the spot being 63° 45' south, and longitude 60° west, being the most southern land yet known.* I have a piece of the rock, which is handsome agénite. Here we were surrounded with numerous icebergs of immense size, from 300 to 400 feet in height, and upwards of 1,000 feet in length. We put into the harbour of Deception Island—as horrid, dreary, and wretched a place as the imagination can conceive—the very portal of Pandemonium,—an island of black ashes and cinders, covered with mountains of ice and snow,—not a vestige of vegetation—horror of horrors!† Here we tarried two months, to our

* It will be recollected that Capt. Weddell sailed more than 10° farther south than this; and in the chart prefixed to the volume of this able and enterprising seaman, we observe "Trinity Land," as a part of South Shetland, laid down as stretching to the south as high as 64° and even 65°. The writer is therefore in error.

† It was off this that Weddell lay. Had the Chanticleer gone some degrees more to the south, and then steered eastward, she would have encountered ice of still larger dimensions, both in berg and field.

great discomfiture and annoyance. There are myriads of millions of penguins, which, in the absence of other food, we were obliged to eat. The ground in some parts is covered to the extent of two or three miles with these birds. The flesh is black, and, at best, it is little superior to dog's meat."—*Newspapers*.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Oct. 24.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—W. Cripps, Trinity College; Rev. T. Harding, Rev. J. Harding, Worcester College; Rev. T. Clarke, Pembroke College; Rev. C. W. Page, Student, W. J. Blake, Christ Church; Rev. T. W. Barlow, Wadham College; Rev. T. A. Powys, Fellow, Rev. T. L. Ramsden, St. John's College; T. Walpole, Balliol College. *Bachelors of Arts*.—W. F. Radclyffe, J. Richardson, Scholar, Queen's College; G. Pigott, Trinity College; M. Mitchell, W. Rawlings, Magdalen Hall; C. Childers, Christ Church; G. A. Jacob, Scholar, Worcester College.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN FRANCE.

THIS Society has just published a report of its receipts and proceedings, from the date of its institution in 1814 down to the end of the year last past. M. Renouard, one of its secretaries, by whom the report is drawn up, after advertizing to the origin of the Society, and to the causes, political and other, which have at various periods tended to advance or retard its efforts, submits separate tables of the number of its members, and the amount of their subscriptions, from the commencement of the Society to the close of the year 1828. By these it appears, that although a great fluctuation has taken place occasionally in the numerical strength of its supporters, yet that the funds of the Society have by no means varied in a proportionate ratio; and that although the former have vacillated from 317 to 641 (their highest number till last year, when they rose at once to 1406), the increased liberality of the members who remained had nevertheless so amply supplied the deficiencies occasioned by secession, that the defalcation in the receipts had been at all times comparatively trifling; while at the closing of the account, the last year's subscription had reached 43,974 francs, that of the first year of the institution of the Society having been no more than 9,940. The report, on various grounds, anticipates considerable assistance in the preparing of a correct statistical account of the progress of instruction in France. The Society appears to be now in communication with 260 schools in the provinces, to several of which it has furnished masters, &c.

University of Berlin, &c.—The late summer term of this University has stood pre-eminent above every preceding one, the number of students having increased to 1706; of whom 1,219 were natives, and the remainder from foreign parts. The theological courses were attended by 566, the jurisprudential by 638, the medical by 299, and the philosophical by 203. It is a singular circumstance in many of the universities I have visited, that the poorest class of students study medicine, and the richer attend (rather than study) the courses in jurisprudence. About two years back the university of Helsingfors took the place of that of Abo, and in the spring of the present year was frequented by 471 students. Being upon the subject of these northern climes, I take the opportunity to add, that the population of Prussia at the end of 1828, as appears by the census made up to that date, was 12,726,823, giving an increase of 2,377,792 souls during the last twelve years. Berlin contains 236,830 inhabitants, giving an increase of 27,791 since

the census of 1822; Breslau, 90,090; Königsberg, 67,941; Cologne (and Deutz), 64,499; Danzig and suburbs, 61,902; Elberfeld, 54,345; Magdeburg (within the walls), 44,049; Aix-la-Chapelle, 36,809; and Stettin, 31,191. The average location of the Prussian population was 2,525 to every square mile. H.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations to Friendship's Offering, for 1830.

AND a very acceptable offering we are sure it will in all cases prove. The illustrations are in number a round dozen; and we should richly deserve "a round dozen" were we not to say that the great majority of them are exceedingly beautiful. But we must be more particular in our comments.—"Reading the News;" engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by D. Wilkie, R.A. It is several years since we saw the picture, but Mr. Robinson's masterly engraving brings it back as strongly to our minds as if we had beheld it only yesterday. The concentration of interest in the group, and the sunny tone of the demi-tints, are admirable.—"Catharine of Arragon;" engraved by W. Humphreys, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A. A fine and simple composition. The dignified resignation of the dying queen, while listening to "that sad note she named her knell," and "meditating on that celestial harmony she goes to," is expressed with Mr. Leslie's usual felicity.—"Vesuvius;" engraved by T. Jeavons, from a picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. What a magnificent eruption! If one could but bespeak such a one, it would be well worth while to undertake a voyage to Naples on purpose to witness it.—"The Spae Wife;" engraved by J. A. Wright, from a picture by T. Stothard, R.A. Curious female secrets are here confidentially unfolding, which a good-for-nothing young fellow, concealed behind some pales, is most ungenerously and ungallantly overhearing. We long to give him a sound horse-whipping.—"Mine own;" engraved by J. C. Edwards, from a picture by J. Wood. A graceful and elegant portrait: if a faithful resemblance, many a one would gladly call the original by its title.—"Echo;" engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by G. Arnald, A.R.A. There is a pure and classical taste in all Mr. Arnald's works; of which this is an exquisite little specimen.—"Lyra;" engraved by T. A. Dean, from a picture by J. Wood. Pretty, and playful.—"Early sorrow;" engraved by W. Finden, from a picture by R. Westall, R.A. One of those infantile griefs which are perhaps salutary; as they prepare poor human beings to endure more serious suffering.—"Spoleto;" engraved by T. Jeavons, from a drawing by W. Purser, after a sketch by Captain Melville Grindlay. It is seldom that even an imaginary composition comprehends so many picturesque qualities as belong to the reality in the view of this ancient city, and its rich, broken, and varied vicinity.—"Mary Queen of Scots presenting her Son to the Church Commissioners;" engraved by R. Baker, from a picture by J. Stephanoff. The intensity of maternal affection forcibly expressed.—"The Masquerade;" engraved by C. Armstrong, from a picture by W. Kidd. This is not our favourite plate of the set: it is sadly too black and white.—"The Honey-moon;" engraved by T. A. Dean, from a picture by J. Wood. As all honey-moons ought to be, and as some are,—full of sweetness and harmony.

The Countess of Belfast—engraved by Thomson, from a miniature by Mrs. Mee—is the fifty-ninth ornament of the Female Nobility in *La Belle Assemblée*. The lady's large and expressive eyes make an interesting countenance still more attractive.

PREMIUM MEDALLION FOR SAINT
THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

WE have been much gratified by the examination of this splendid medallion, which is unquestionably one of the finest specimens of medallion engraving, this, or indeed any other, country has ever produced. The obverse bears the head of the celebrated Cheselden; and it is really difficult to give an idea by words of the placid dignity of the whole head, or the calm expression of nature which pervades the countenance—the delicate markings of the features and the perfect softness of the flesh are the triumph of the medallion art. Cheselden is represented, according to the custom of his day, in a velvet cap; and though we are aware that Mr. Wyon has the high authority of the Hammerini and Hedlinger, we cannot help thinking his own fine taste should have objected to this costume, which, however it may improve the general effect, deprives us of the outline of the head, and we lose thereby the play of the locks, the execution of which no die engraver has turned to more advantage in his works than Mr. Wyon. But it is impossible for us to criticise what deserves only an expression of our unqualified praise.—On the reverse is represented a human body placed on a dissecting-table, in a reclining posture, immediately after death, while all the muscles and the effects of their action may be discerned. This (in common hands) unpleasant subject, the extraordinary skill and judgment of Mr. Wyon has converted into one which produces no painful impression; but which, on the contrary, rivets the attention, from its beauty; and all forbidding associations are lost in admiration of the knowledge displayed in every line of the figure. Such, at least, was the effect produced upon ourselves. In the back-ground, the motto "*MORS VIVIS SALUS*" is introduced, with some parts of a skeleton, and glasses covering medical preparations. These advantageously balance the composition, without interfering with the principal object.

We have compared this medallion with the finest productions of the many eminent foreign engravers of the present day, and we have risen from the comparison confirmed in the opinion which we have expressed of the ability of the chief engraver of the British Mint.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ATHENEUM.

[THERE has been some commotion in this celebrated Club; and a correspondent has favoured us with the following scrap, found, as he informs us, in the house-keeper's trunk, which happened to be officially examined, upon suspicion of containing very different things.]

Some—Annual Meeting, ATHENEUM.

The Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Conductor.
Greeting Chorus, led by Dr. Henderson, W. Ayrton, and Thomas Young, Esqrs. The Staccato Passages by Dr. H.

Recitative—Right Hon. J. W. C.

I, John Wilson Croker, will do as I please:
You asked for an ice-house, I give you a frieze;
And graciously grant, of my free will alone,
Instead of a Bath, a fine piece of Bath stone.

A MOONLIGHT VIEW OF BARNARD CASTLE,
On the River Tees.

THE moon rides through the clouded sky,
Now hid entirely from the eye,

Now bursting, brilliant, on the sight
In all her pomp of silver light.
The planet now her radiance showers
On Barnard Castle's lofty towers;
But when her beams the tempest drowns,
The sullen pile in darkness frowns:
Here Tees its smooth tide gently pours,
And there a foaming torrent roars.
Thus, like the moon, the tower, the stream,
Doth man's frail fortune changeable seem.
Though prosperous sunshine gild our way,
Dark clouds may soon obscure its ray:
Though smooth the stream of life may glide,
Soon rocks unseen may chafe its tide;
Nor, though misfortune's tempest lower,
Need we despair a happier hour.
Oakham, Oct. 5th, 1830. J. D.

THE PARTING HOUR.

It is the parting hour,
That hour of bitterest woe,
When the full heart has scarcely power
One blessing to bestow:
Yet all they can my lips shall tell
The anguish of this last farewell!

Have we, for long, long years,
But cherished hopes of bliss
To see them all dissolved in tears—
Tears of an hour like this?
That fall like dew-drops mute and fast,
Freshening the memory of the past!

I thought not when we roved
Beneath your blessed moon,
And all so late and fondly loved,
That we should part so soon;
I thought not then the sudden gloom
Of gathering clouds presaged our doom.

Yet, ere we part, recall
The happiness we've known,
Ere falsehood's dregs of bitterest gall
Into our cup were thrown,—
Ere seeming friends to traitors turned,
And love and truth alike were scorned.

Think upon every vow
Of pure and fadeless love,
Though disregarded here below,
Yet registered above:
Soul bound to soul, and heart-to heart,
That mortal power may never part!
H. W. H.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Go, wing thy way to climes unknown—to skies
Haply without a cloud. I love the birds
That share the fickle English year with me,—
Linnet, and thrush, and lark, and all that dwell,
Though songless, in our northern groves. But
chief

I hail the robin. He from leafless woods
Comes forth to bless the wintry hour—"a friend
Born for adversity," who pours the lay,
When all are mute beside, of peace and hope.
But thou art like a summer friend, that smiles
When skies are fair, and softly sigh the gales
Of fragrance breathing from a thousand bowers;
Yet frowns and leaves us when the churlish blast
Of life blows rude. But still, without thee,
Spring

Would lose one charm, for thou hast ever been
Her blithe attendant. On my summer path
I joy to meet thee; and when evening comes,
Shedding her sober calm, 'tis sweet to mark
Thy wantonings above the brook that flows
In silver through the emerald meads. Then
plume

Thy swift dark wing for flight; and I will wish
For thee propitious heavens and breezes kind,
And shores, at last, of beauty: and till Spring

Returning shall, with voice mysterious, call
Thee to our British fields again—farewell!
ANON.

TO —
WHEN that feeling comes o'er me,
Remembrance of thee,
And thy form floats before me
As a mist o'er the sea,—
Like the cloud on the ocean
It droops on my breast,
And each former emotion
Seems folded in rest.
But as cold the blast stealing
Sweeps o'er its chill breath,
And the dread sea revealing
Shews its heaving beneath;
So thy vision thus waning
Departs from my brain,
And the sad thoughts remaining
Heave wildly again. W. G. H.
Cecil Street, Strand.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FRANCIS I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THIS sovereign, says a foreign correspondent of ours, rises regularly at six o'clock, breakfasts at seven, and devotes the remainder of the forenoon to public business and audiences. At one o'clock he generally takes a walk, in which he is accompanied by the empress at times, but oftener by his great chamberlain, or one of his aides. At four he sits down to dinner, which seldom consists of more than four dishes and a dessert, and at which he drinks nothing but water, unless it be a glass of Tokay as a finale. At six he takes his coffee in the pavilion of the new imperial garden, after refreshing himself with a stroll in the Paradise gardens, where a vast number of pigeons are reared. The empress herself, whose attire is of the most unpretending kind, does the honour of the coffee board; and few English dames can surpass her in exemplary devotion to her domestic duties. The emperor spends the remainder of the evening until supper-time in playing trios on the violin or flute, in both of which instruments he is an adept,—calling in one of his aides and some nobleman about his person to take the secondo and tercio parts. All the members of the imperial family have been taught some trade or other: the crown or hereditary prince is an excellent weaver, and his brothers excel as carpenters or joiners. They have been brought up with a rigid regard for the purity of their moral conduct. As to the business of the state, it rests entirely with Metternich, whose absolutism dates from the year 1810. It is added that the emperor is an excellent Latin scholar, and speaks Latin correctly as well as fluently. He is perfectly acquainted with botany and natural history, and an enthusiastic wooer of both studies.

A Mameluke's Spirit.—During Selim's campaign in Egypt (1517), Kurtbal, the bravest of the beys, had escaped the general massacre of the mamelukes, by concealing himself in a house at Cairo. This having reached the sultan's knowledge, he sent one of his friends to him with a book and a piece of cloth; the latter as a pledge of peace, and the former as a pledge of safety, in the shape of a Koran, by which he had sworn to save him from harm. Kurtbal, in full reliance on these tokens, appeared before the sultan, who received him seated upon his throne. "Thou art," said Selim at his entrance, "the chosen knight of the horsemen; whither hath thy valour taken wing?" "It endures," was Kurtbal's laconic

reply. "Knowest thou what evil thou hast done my followers?" "Ay! I know it well." But when Selim asked him how he came to adventure the desperate attempt he had made in the field of battle on the sultan's person, Kurtbai, who was as remarkable for eloquence as bravery, poured out his soul in a splendid eulogy on the bravery of the Mamelukes, and vented his contemptuous abhorrence of artillery; an engine which dispensed murder, without requiring the presence of courage. He then related how a Mauritanian had brought the first cannon-balls into Egypt, in Sultan Eshrif Cannsu's time, and how the sultan and boys had set their faces against them, as unworthy of gallant warriors, and contrary to the usage of the prophet, who had restricted the Arabians to the use of the bow and sword; adding, that the Mauritanian had thereupon replied:—"He who lives long enough will live to see dominion pass away by means of these balls!" "The event," added Kurtbai, "has proven the augury. But power belongs to Omnipotence alone!" "If thou holdest in this wise," said Selim, "to the Koran and the Sunna, how has it come to pass that we have smitten and driven ye out? that thou standest a prisoner before me?" "It is God's work!" answered Kurtbai; "it is not by your valour or horsemanship we have been undone; fate hath decreed it; for every thing hath a beginning and an ending, and the duration of empires is measured: tell me where are the caliphs, the soldiers of the faith? where the mightiest sovereignties which the world ever beheld? And thy time will come, too; and thine empire will return unto the dust!" The sultan, burning with fury, cast his eye at the executioner; and as the sword of immortality impended over him, the brave, the undaunted, and unfortunate bey exclaimed, "Take my bleeding head, and lay it, traitor, in thy helmsman's lap; Heaven give, her perfidy may balance thine!"

MUSIC.

CHURCH MUSIC.

A Collection of Psalms and Hymns from the most approved Versions. By Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. The Music selected from the Works of ancient and modern Composers, and harmonised and arranged for One, Two, or Three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte. By J. M. Harris.

A Collection of Movements selected from the sacred vocal Works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, Cherubini, Romberg, Spohr, Winter, Rink, Graun, Pergolesi, Marcello, Hasse, &c. arranged as Voluntaries for the Organ. By W. H. Callcott.

THE soundest and most pious divines of the Church of England have uniformly attached considerable importance to congregational psalmody. A late Bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, made it a prominent subject of exhortation in a charge given to the clergy of his diocese, in the year 1790; and it is well known that the great success of some classes of dissenters in making converts from the established church is mainly to be attributed to the attraction of sacred music, which, in many meeting-houses has been rendered more impressive and affecting than in our parish churches, where this elevating part of public worship has been consigned either to ill-taught charity children, or else to one or two hired and careless singers concealed in the organ-gallery—"half a dozen merry men in a high place," as Serle says in his Christian Remembrancer, "who loudly

chant it away, to the praise and glory of themselves." This defect in our public worship might be easily remedied, if families were (especially on Sunday evenings) to make the cultivation of plain psalmody a part of that musical recreation which, in the present day, is resorted to in all houses of the middle and upper classes. English psalm-tunes are very numerous, and comprise in their affecting simplicity some of the noblest melodies ever conceived by the mind of man.

In the work before us, the whole, or nearly the whole, of these fine tunes, with appropriate words from the old and new versions, are contained; so that any individual who should make himself master of the contents of this volume, would be qualified to join efficiently in the musical part of public worship, which, to be fitly performed, should arise from the united voices of the congregation; for this is not only the common-sense of the matter, but is precisely what has been enjoined by the prophets and the apostles. In bringing this work forward, Mr. Burgoyne, the editor, has accomplished a service of no mean importance to the cause of devotion, and has employed his talents and his influence in society to the furthering, by means of the profits arising from this work, the interests of one or two charitable institutions. Of the musical arrangement, under the care of Mr. M. Harris, we are enabled to speak with equal praise. The harmonies are at once perspicuous, simple, and effective, and the text of the melodies is every where pure. This latter circumstance is a great advantage; for, without considerable research, few persons are aware of the injury which ancient airs have received from modern frippery. The musical taste of our forefathers was rude, but strong; and the refinements of the present day sit ill upon them, and pervert their meaning. Of this truth we were especially convinced in examining Dr. Croft's majestic old tune set to the eighteenth psalm, which Mr. Harris has restored to its original state, as composed upwards of one hundred years ago; and by way of demonstrating the mischief which must infallibly result from any interference with the work of a great master, the modern effeminacies are indicated by small notes, which, it will be seen, rob the air of all its vigour and character. To the general collection Mr. Harris has added several of his own compositions, which are worthy of the company by which they are surrounded. We may particularly allude to a prayer from the Italian of Michael Angelo.

Among the original contributions to this collection of psalm-tunes and hymns, we were also particularly struck with several of those by a musician who conceals his name, and who is only indicated by asterisks. Why so excellent a composer should determine to be anonymous, it is not easy to conjecture. Perhaps he is an amateur; but even if so, a man of such talent in musical composition should not hesitate to publish his name. There are many precedents; the father of the Duke of Wellington, for example, who was one of the best of our glee composers.

The other work which we have cited at the head of these remarks, is altogether of a different character from the above-mentioned English psalms and hymns. Its contents are derived from the religious compositions of the great foreign masters, and the strains are scientific and elaborate. As the Roman church is more pompous in its ceremonial observances than ours, so is the devotional music more intricate, ornate, and ambitious, than any thing in English psalmody. But in their

way, nothing can be more exquisite than the Roman Catholic masses, as set to music by the great masters of the Italian and German schools. Many of the movements in these are admirably adapted for voluntaries in our church; and with this view Mr. Callcott has made the present arrangement, in which the numerous parts in the original scores are most effectively condensed. No public organist should be without this useful and portable work, which contains twenty movements from the religious compositions of the foreign musical classes. Mr. Callcott's volume will also be very acceptable to private piano-forte performers, especially in families who do not allow the introduction of secular music on the Sabbath.

The Edinburgh Musical Album. Edited by George Linley, Esq.

THIS is a very pleasant musical miscellany, consisting of several old traditional Scotch airs, and sundry original compositions in the shape of overtures, polaccas, waltzes, new songs, and concerted vocal pieces. These latter portions, though not always theoretically correct, evince no inconsiderable portion of fancy and invention on the part of the composer or composers; but the chief value of the volume consists in the native Scotch melodies, which are here given to the lovers of music in their first, unadulterated state. To do this is to perform a great service to music in general, and particularly to national music, which latter should never undergo sophistication. We recommend this northern work as a source of gratification to our readers, whether English, Scotch, or Irish.

The Musical Bijou. Edited by F. H. Burney. 4to. pp. 136. Goulding and d'Almaine.

THIS volume is described as an Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose, for 1830: a happy conjunction, and one not unadorned by art—for we have also a beautiful design of a presentation-plate by Bonington, and four lithographic prints by Gauci, Childs, and Haghe, from drawings, &c. by C. Tomkins and J. Pocock: the "Exiled Knight" of the former displaying a powerful imagination. Of the music and the poetical contributions it may be sufficient to notice that Rawlings, Barnett, Parry, Solis, Burrowes, Holder, Jolly, H. Herz, C. Smith, Bishop, Kiallmark, Rossini, Kalkbrenner, Valentine, and Rodwell, supply the first; and that Haynes Bayly, the Ettrick Shepherd, Planché, Sir W. Scott, Hemans, Vandyk, Pocock, &c. &c., are the chief of the poetical doers. "The Confessions of a Suspicious Gentleman," by Lord Nugent, is one of the very best and most piquant prose articles we have any where met with among the Annual collections.

CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

ON Thursday evening last we were present at a concert given by the music class of the above excellent Society, and were highly pleased with the manner in which the amateur corps executed their various performances. Altogether, the amusements of the evening were gone through in a style highly creditable to the tyros engaged in them, and to the Institution under whose care their knowledge has been acquired.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

SOME good comedies have been acted here; and on Thursday, an operetta, in one act,

called *No*, was brought out. We are not aware whether it is from the French *Non*; but something of the same kind has been performed at the Surrey, we believe. The singing of Sinclair, aided by the talents of Miss Graddon, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. C. Jones, Browne, and others, carried the piece pleasantly through here.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Early Days of Shakespeare!—Mr. Somerset (if such be indeed the name of the writer) is a bold man—his drama proves him to be an ingenious one; and boldness and ingenuity combined rarely fail to attain the prize for which they struggle. His subject presented more than common difficulties; and he has grappled with these manfully. On the other hand, the interest of his audience was enlisted on his side by the very title; and he was clever enough to avail himself to the fullest extent of the prejudice in its favour. To put language into the mouth of Shakespeare were a worse than Phaëton experiment, and must inevitably consign the presumptuous mortal to a fate as awful as that of the adventurous charioteer: Mr. Somerset therefore made him speak his own poetry wherever he had an opportunity. Nobody could object to this; and to say that "the leather and prunella" which made up the account was tolerated by the side of it, is to say that it received at least as high a compliment as the author's modesty* could possibly have expected. The incidents are ably arranged, and follow each other in the following order:—Shakespeare, after a dream on the banks of the Avon, in which the principal creations of his fancy, at the command of *Oberon* and *Titania*, "come like shadows, so depart," is taken before Sir Thomas Lucy, charged with having shot a buck, the property of that mirror of magistrates. "The Warwickshire Thief?" poses the original *Justice Shallow* with a lecture on the game laws, is finally condemned to pay a penalty of fifty crowns, according to the statute, and after writing down the worshipful knight "an ass" in the well-known squib, "a parliament man and a justice of peace," &c. makes his escape to London. There he has the good fortune to stop the runaway horse of my Lord Southampton, who, on the introduction and recommendation of *Richard Burbage* the actor, takes the young poet under his patronage, and encourages him to stand candidate for the prize-essay proposed by Queen Elizabeth, which, we need not inform our readers, he produces to the satisfaction of her Majesty, and of course of the court; the audience taking it for granted, as they were not indulged with a word of it. The queen, who has just heard of the destruction of the Armada, gives loose to her joy by adding a sort of codicil to her former royal will, "signed, sealed, and delivered," in the command of a poetical impromptu from each of the persons around her, which of course adds to the triumph of Shakespeare, who bears off not only the bell, but the portrait of his *belle reine*, set in diamonds. The scenery is appropriate and beautiful. The piece is strongly cast and admirably acted. A pretty

medley overture by Bishop, and some tastefully arranged music from Weber's *Oberon*, &c. added to its general effect; and we have little doubt, from its reception on Thursday evening, that it will have a considerable run.

ADELPHI.

ON Monday *The Rose of Ettrick* was produced at this house, and has been enacted since every night; though it is not exactly of that character for which this entertaining theatre has taught us to look, by its excellent sea-pieces, varied with the most comic little dramas. This, on the contrary, belongs to the romantic class.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.

A TRAGEDY called *Le More de Venise*, which the French papers say is a literal translation of Shakespeare's *Othello*, was produced a few days ago at the Théâtre Français in Paris. It is from the pen of M. Alfred de Vigny, and is well spoken of by most of the Parisian critics. Some of the young men, however, who fancy that they cannot be just to Shakespeare without offence to the name of Voltaire, raised a clamour, which the good sense of the audience overpowered; and the piece met with decided success. M. Perrier, the actor who was called upon, according to the French custom, to name the author, stated that this translation from "the great Shakespeare" was by M. de Vigny. The tribute to our immortal bard conveyed in the word "*grand*" was hailed with *grand* approbation.

VARIETIES.

Roses and Onions!—A German gardener declares that he has found by experience, that an onion of the largest kind, planted near a rose-bush, gives a more agreeable and exquisite perfume to the roses.

Travelling by Steam in America.—The fare by the steam-boats from New York to Albany is only half a dollar—less than one farthing per mile.

War.—The following is an account of the number of battles, sieges, and treaties, which have taken place since the origin of the French monarchy up to 1815:—battles, by land, 1305—by sea, 77; sieges, by land, 1780—by sea, 23; treaties of peace, 66.—*French Paper.*

Fine Arts.—The King of Bavaria has had painted by eminent artists, under the arcades of the large building in the royal park at Munich, subjects taken from the history of Bavaria. These paintings, which are in fresco, and twelve in number, were thrown open for public inspection on the 1st instant. They are highly spoken of.

Suspension Bridge.—An iron chain suspension bridge has lately been constructed at Avignon, which is considered a master-piece of art, and has attracted great attention from the beauty of its proportions. The total length from one buttress to the other is 500 feet; there are two stretches of 240 feet each, capable of supporting a weight of 500,000 kilogrammes. The breadth, which is the same the whole distance, is thirty feet, divided into three ways or roads; the centre one for carriages, and the two others for foot passengers. The height above low-water mark is thirty feet. A triumphal arch surmounts the centre pillar, as well as the two at the buttments of the bridge, resting on the angles. It is supported by six iron cables, by means of vertical cords, the cables being fastened

to the pillars after having passed over the triumphal arch.

Linen Manufacture.—M. Ternaux, the eminent manufacturer, and one of the French deputies, has recently purchased the château of Colmoulin, near Montvilliers, Lower Seine, for the purpose of converting it into a linen manufactory. About 700 acres of land, of which the estate is composed, are to be cultivated with flax.

Speaking-Pipe.—A tin pipe, similar to that which has for years been found so convenient for verbal communications in large establishments and manufactories, has been applied to shipping, at the suggestion of Mr. Parsons, of Portsmouth Dock-yard. The Briton has thus been fitted with a pipe up the mainmast, to convey orders from the deck to the top in boisterous weather.

Fine Arts.—The Scotch Academy of Arts at Edinburgh have elected Mr. Martin an honorary member: this admirable and extraordinary artist has no academical honours whatever in London. The city of Edinburgh has also presented its Freedom to the great pictorial boast of Scotland, D. Wilkie: this was done by the Lord Provost in the most public and honourable manner.

Proof against Fire.—On Tuesday week an experiment was made in presence of a committee of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by M. Aldini, for the purpose of shewing that he can secure the body against the action of flames, so as to enable firemen to carry on their operations with safety. His experiment is stated to have given satisfaction. The pompiers were clothed in asbestos, over which was a net-work of iron. Some of them, it is stated, who wore double gloves of amianthus, held a red-hot bar during four minutes.

Cure for Gout, &c.—The *Notizia del Giorno*, of Rome, gives circumstantial details of several experiments most successfully made on persons of every age, and of both sexes, in that capital, for the radical cure of the gout, rheumatism, and sciatika,—diseases which have hitherto been thought incurable. The recipe consists in administering to the patient forty-eight doses of very warm water, each dose to weigh eight ounces, and to be taken every quarter of an hour during the paroxysm of the disorder. The result of this potion, of which the effect is diuretic, and excites perspiration, is obtained at the tenth or eleventh, and sometimes at the first dose. The physicians say, that although this quantity of drink may occasion nausea and vomiting, the doses should not, however, be diminished; and the remedy, which is cooling and antiphlogistic, is recommended by Drs. Rasori and Tomassini.

At a late sitting of the Paris Royal Academy of Sciences, Dr. Legrand read a memoir relative to the cure of scrofula by preparations of gold. M. Fourenu de Beauregard reminded the Academy of a memoir formerly presented by him with a view to shew that the yellow fever is to be considered as an acute scorbutic affection, and that the most efficacious remedy for it is the rhatany root.—At the same sitting, M. Lisfranc read a memoir relative to cancers, in which he endeavours to shew that in many cases it is not necessary to extirpate entirely the organ affected, but merely to cut off the diseased parts. He stated, that in several experiments the results had proved the correctness of his opinion.

Lithotritie.—Baron Heurteloup, of whose method of performing the operation called lithotritie we gave an account a few weeks ago, is proceeding most successfully with his practice.

* Apropos of modesty:—the author of *Shakespeare's Early Days* has thrown down the gauntlet to his brother dramatists with perhaps a little more of the tone of insult than is quite becoming a novice in the art. We have never joined in the silly and unfair outcry against the writers of the present day, which, after all, is but the echo of a charge as old as dramatic writing itself in this country; and we confess we should not have thought less highly of Mr. Somerset's original efforts, had he left such commonplace and threepenny tirades as he has put into the mouth of Burbage, to the ignorant, the envious, and the disappointed.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the Hunterian Society have, we are informed, witnessed several cases of cure for this most painful of diseases by the Baron's mode of excavating and crushing the stone. We consider these experiments to promise a great blessing to suffering humanity.

Ventriloquism.—Among the most successful of the vagabonds who nightly exhibit in the Boulevards of Paris at present is a ventriloquist, who has contrived a puppet on springs, with which he holds a conversation. The curious are obliged to approach close to the ventriloquist to hear the responses; and he immediately desires his wooden friend to tell the age of the individuals present:—two sous pieces are forthwith produced, and possess the power of effacing some ten years from the number of every munificent inquirer.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—The communications and business generally at the sitting of the 26th instant were not of much interest. It was whispered that the differences between the government and the Academy on the subject of public education were likely to be satisfactorily adjusted, and that an intention was entertained of increasing to a considerable extent the expedition which the king has resolved to send to Africa. Some of the members read privately to their friends, *en cercle*, letters from members of the expedition in Egypt; but they did not add much to the valuable information already supplied by M. Champollion.

Natural History.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 19th inst., M. Robineau Desvoidy, in the course of some observations on natural history, stated, that on opening a female viper of the species called the red viper, he found three thousand young, of different degrees of size. M. Desvoidy supposes that this extraordinary fecundity is peculiar to the red viper.—At the same sitting M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire resumed his observations on monstrosities, and particularly remarked on the two Siamese brothers who arrived lately at Boston. The union of these brothers, he said, is limited to a point extending from the base of the breast to the navel. It is superficial, and is shewn solely in a small portion of the skin, a few vessels, and some muscles. Each of them is a complete man with respect to the important organs of life. They have attained their 18th year. Their stature is short. They have never been ill. The inconvenience of their position, face to face, has caused them to use great efforts to modify it, and they have succeeded in acquiring a power of motion so far as to regard each other obliquely, so as to make a right angle between them. Their minds are well cultivated, and they agree well together. On their voyage to Boston, the only difference between them arose from the wish of one to bathe in the sea, whilst the other thought the water too cold for the diversion.—It is a curious coincidence, that at the meeting of the 26th inst. it was also announced by the same learned physiologist, that the twin girls Rita and Christina, who are joined together, had arrived in Paris, and were to be examined by some eminent anatomists on that day at the Museum in the Jardin du Roi.

New School in Paris.—The *Société des Méthodes d'Enseignement* in Paris have, with the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, just established a new school at Paris, under the title of *Ecole Orthomatique*, viz. school in which persons are taught on the most approved methods. Besides the ordinary

routine of instruction, the pupils are to be taught the living languages, natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, commercial sciences, &c. The chief promoters of this scheme are—MM. Lafayette, Casimir Perrier, André Delessert, Lafitte, the Duke of Broglie, the Count de Noailles, and J. Smith, Esq. M.P.

Scientific.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on Monday week, some interesting observations on monstrosities were made by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire; and a new mathematical instrument, called *règle-échelle*, for facilitating the drawing of plans, was exhibited.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dublin is about to adventure a Literary Gazette: the prospectus holds out, particularly, the consideration of theological subjects, and biographical sketches of eminent living characters.

The author of "Caleb Williams" has another novel in preparation.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly are nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Britton's History and Antiquities of Bristol Cathedral, with eleven engravings by Le Keux, is, we learn, nearly ready. On this occasion, for the first time, the author prints a list of subscribers, to shew the extent and character of local patronage. Mr. Britton is also preparing to publish his Illustrations and History of Hereford Cathedral in the course of the season.

A new work is promised by the author of "the O'Hara Tales."

Mr. Gally Knight announces a Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen on the Foreign Policy of England.

Mr. W. Long Wellesley has in the press a History of the Court of Chancery—its Abuses and Reforms. The work may be expected very soon.

The British Naturalist, or an Account of the Appearance and Habits of the more remarkable Living Productions of Britain and the British Seas, &c. &c., is announced.

Sir Edmund Temple will shortly publish an Account of his Travels in South America.

We have to thank the publisher for the fourth edition of *Rienzi*; and, without depreciating the great talent of its author, we may observe, that its success both on the stage and in the closet ought to encourage writers of ability to cultivate the higher branches of dramatic literature.

The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman may be very shortly expected.

Dr. Foster has nearly ready Letters of Locke to Mr. Furly, Mr. Clarke of Chipping, and Sir Hans Sloane; and also some Original Letters of Algernon Sydney, of Lord Shaftesbury, &c. &c.

The Memoirs of Bolivar, including the Secret History of the Revolution, is announced for speedy publication.

Random Records from the pen of George Colman the Younger are in a forward state.

In the Press.—Stories of Travels in Turkey, and of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of Constantinople; with a Sketch of the History and Geography of the Empire: to be embellished with plates.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1859.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 22	From 44. to 55.	29.60 to 29.80
Friday .. 23	33. to 51.	29.68 to 29.91
Saturday .. 24	27. to 54.	29.91 to 29.94
Sunday .. 25	29. to 54.	30.03 to 30.19
Monday .. 26	38. to 62.	30.25 to 30.56
Tuesday .. 27	29. to 51.	30.30 to 30.35
Wednesday 28	34. to 51.	30.15 to 29.25

Prevailing wind, N.E.

The 23d and 26th for the most part overcast: the remaining five days almost cloudless, except the early part of the morning of the 28th, when, of an inch of rain fell.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude .. 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In the account of the Occupation of Albarán in our last, line 17, for "Of the immersion I cannot speak," read "Of the emersion I cannot," &c.

If J. H. refers to the Meteorological Journal in our No. for Oct. 10th, he will find the information he seeks.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. ADVERTISEMENTS, NOTICES, &c.

Advertisements, Notices, &c. to be inserted in the General Advertising Sheet of the forthcoming Number of the Edinburgh Review, are requested to be sent to Longman and Co. Paternoster Row, by Monday, 28th of November; and Prospectuses, Catalogues, Bills, &c. to be stitched in the Number, not later than the 18th. Advertisers will perceive the great advantage of sending their Advertisements and Bills early, as they are placed in the exact order they are received by the Publishers.

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MUSIC.

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THE MUSICAL BIJOU for 1850.

Edited by F. H. BURNBY. The very gratifying manner in which the first Number of the Musical Bijou was received by the Public, has induced the Proprietors not to spare any expense in the production of the present volume, and they confidently challenge attention to the subjoined List of Contributions.

Table of Contents.—Musical.	The Music by
Romance	M. Jany
The Exiled Knight	Harry Stoe Vandyk
Poets, beware!	Thomas Haynes Bayly
Rondo and Polacca	Henry Hunt
Woman has taught	Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson
do with Fame	W. Wilson
The Maid of Toro	Sir Walter Scott
Heim and Shield	F. H. Burnby
Dark-eyed one, dark	J. B. Planché
eyed one	J. J. J.
Ye Souvenir	F. Kaikbrener
Ye Stars of Night	Harry Stoe Vandyk
(duet)	John Barnett
Waltz	J. F. Burrows
Star, Time, stay	Richard Ryan
Air, with Variations	J. W. Holder, M.B.
Ye rapid Streams	J. B. Planché
Diversions	G. H. Rodwell
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Confessions of a Suspicious	Thomas Haynes Bayly
Gentleman	Mrs. Hemans
The Arabian Steed	The Author of the "Zenana"
Stanzas	Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson
The Vow	F. H. Burnby
The Voice of Home to the	Richard Ryan
Freud	Mrs. Smith
The Bridal Morn	Thomas Haynes Bayly
The Pen and the Sword	F. H. B.
Lines	Edward Fitz-Ball
To Helena on her Birth-day	
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